

No. 1194

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1928

Price 8 Cents

NAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**SMART AS THEY COME;
OR, THE BOSS OF THE WALL STREET MESSENGERS**

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



The Messenger laid on the floor, with one of the fellows holding a hand over his mouth. Ed grasped the other one's arm, causing him to drop the two canvas money bags, one of which burst open, spilling its golden contents.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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Smart As They Come

OR, THE BOSS OF THE WALL STREET MESSENGERS

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

CHAPTER I.—Taken at a Disadvantage.

"The operator wants you," said Billy Gates, a freckle-faced, snubby-nosed A. D. T. messenger, putting his head in at the doorway of the washroom where Tom Trevor, known as Messenger 21, was removing some ink stains from his fingers.

"All right," replied the boy, hastily wiping his hands and then making a bee-line for the outside office.

"Here, Tom, take this envelope to Muncy & Co.," said the operator, handing the article to the boy, together with the customary slip.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, hurrying out with the envelope in his hand.

"That boy is as smart as they come," said Cartright to a friend who was talking to him across the railing.

"He looks bright and active," was the reply.

"None more so. I call him the boss messenger boy, but I've heard that he's the boss of the Wall Street messengers."

"In what way?"

"Well, he's a sort of high muck-a-muck among them—the most popular boy in the Street. They seem to acknowledge his supremacy both as the king-pin messenger and a real gilt-edged boy to boot. A boy will always find his level among boys, who are quick to size up a companion's virtues and defects. A born leader will show his supremacy first as a boy, and will rise to the top among his fellows just as a cork that escapes from a bottle under water will rise to the surface. Boys have their popular idols among themselves, just as we men have ours. We were boys ourselves and know how it is."

"Yes, that's true," admitted the visitor, "and now about that matter we were speaking about?"

Tom Trevor, in the meanwhile, was hustling along the street bound for the Mills Building. He passed many of his own fraternity on the way, and was invariably saluted with: "Hello, Tom!" or, "How's things?" or other expressions of a similar kind. He had a smile, or a word, or a wave of the hand for all, but he didn't stop in his onward course, and none of the others expected him to. Mr. Cartright hadn't spoken more than the truth when he said Tom was a shining light in Wall Street. Tom had a legion of friends, but he had his enemies, too, though they were greatly in the minority.

There were some who were jealous of his popularity, and the influence he had acquired since

he made his debut in the Street, two years since. They tried to pull him down from his pedestal, but they might have saved themselves the trouble, for their individual efforts availed nothing against the verdict of the majority. One of these chaps was Patsy Flynn, a red-headed messenger boy, who looked tough and aggressive. He hailed from Cherry Hill, where he enjoyed the reputation of being something of a scrapper. Tom Trevor had incurred his ill-will by interfering between him and Billy Gates, a small messenger, whom he was bullying. Patsy's pugnacious tendencies induced him to attack Tom, fully expecting to do up the Wall Street messenger boss and tumble him from his throne. Tom, however, was skilled in the science of self-defense, and he put it all over Patsy inside of five minutes.

Flynn's pride was humbled, and his prominence as a bully somewhat eclipsed. He swore to get even with the boss messenger at the first chance, but the sort of chance he was looking for had not yet materialized. Tom lived with his mother, who was a widow in straitened circumstances, in a modest Harlem flat. He had two sisters younger than himself, one of whom was cashier in a grocery store in their neighborhood, and added her mite to the family income. Mrs. Trevor thought Tom was the finest boy in the world, and his sisters had the same idea, which was only natural, but as they were not alone in that opinion it may be concluded that our hero was something above the common.

"Is Mr. Muncy in?" Tom asked a clerk when he reached his destination.

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I have a letter for him."

"Well, knock on his door," said the clerk.

Tom knocked and was invited to enter. He delivered the envelope, got his slip signed, and left.

"Tom," said the operator, when he got back, "I've a special call for you from old man Davidson. He never will have any messenger but you. Rush!"

Tom hurried around to a certain money broker, not far away. Davidson was waiting for him.

"Here, take these two bags of gold to Broker Jackson, second floor of the Atlas Building. Deliver them to the cashier and get that receipt signed," he said.

Tom took the bags, one in each hand, and hurried away. When he got out of the elevator and rushed into an adjoining corridor he almost ran

into two young men who were standing there. Their eyes took in the bags of gold Tom was carrying and they looked at each other. The same thought was in the minds of each, and they came to a resolution on the spur of the moment. One looked down the main corridor, and seeing no one in sight at the moment, nodded to his companion. As if shot from a catapult, both sprang after the messenger. Tom turned at the sound of their swift feet. He saw that he was going to be attacked. He dropped the bags in order to defend himself. The men, however, were quicker than he. One landed a heavy blow on the jaw, which stretched him upon the floor, and jumped upon him to hold him down, while the other grabbed the two bags of coin. At that moment a boy about Tom's size and age came out of an office opposite. He happened to be Tom's particular friend, Ed Donaldson, a broker's messenger. He took in the situation at a glance. The messenger lay on the floor, with one of the fellows holding a hand over his mouth. Ed grasped the other one's arm, causing him to drop the two canvas money-bags, one of which burst open, spilling its golden contents. The sudden appearance of Ed upset the calculations and nerve of the two rascals, and the fellow who was on top of Tom partly released his grip. The boy quickly took advantage of it to squirm from under, shoved the man away and scramble on his feet.

Then he smashed the chap in the eye with one of his fists and jumped for the other one, who was scarcely twenty. Seeing that their game was up, both of the rascals took to their heels and fled. The boys let them go, for Tom had the money to pick up and restore to the bag, while Ed didn't care to chase them. They disappeared down the stairs beside the elevator and did not stop till they reached the lower floor and saw that they were not pursued.

"Thanks for your timely assistance, Ed," said Tom. "You came on the scene just in the nick of time to save me from being robbed of a thousand dollars in gold."

"You're welcome, old chap! Glad I was able to help you out. Who were those fellows?"

"You've got me. I never saw them before. I almost ran into them when I came into this corridor. The sight of the bags of gold must have tempted them, for they came after me like a shot. One of them laid me out before I could put up my hands, and the other was in the act of getting away with the money bags when you appeared and put a spoke in their wheels."

"They didn't look like crooks. The chap I laid hold of was almost a boy. But, then, you never can tell by a person's appearance what he really is," said Ed.

"If they're not crooks they seem to be in training for the business," said Tom, recovering the last coin and getting up. "Well, so long! I'm going to Jackson's office. I'll see you later."

With these words the boys parted.

CHAPTER II.—The Beginning of Tom's Luck.

Five o'clock came around and Tom was sitting outside the railing with two other messengers, waiting to be called on, when the operator beckoned to him.

"Mr. Grantley was in here half an hour ago

and when he left he forgot a package he brought with him. I want you to take it over to his office in the Vanderpool Building. If he has gone home, take it up to his house," said Cartright.

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, who knew that Grantley was one of the most important men of Wall Street.

He was a big operator, who was identified with syndicates and pools, and bought shares of stock usually by the thousands, his transactions running from a million to several millions. Tom hurried over to his office, but found he had gone home for the day. As Mr. Cartright had penciled his house address on the package, Tom went over to the Hanover square station and took a Third avenue elevated train uptown.

Mr. Grantley lived in a fine-looking four-story, high-stoop, brownstone house on Madison avenue, in a tony neighborhood. Tom found the number and rang the bell. A colored man came to the door.

"Is Mr. Grantley in?" asked the boy.

"He is."

"I've brought a package for him."

"Step inside and sit down," said the colored man, pointing to a chair in the hall. "He is engaged at present."

Tom took the seat and waited. Ten, fifteen, thirty minutes elapsed and the boy grew impatient.

"I might have handed the package to the darky and gone away," he told himself, "that would have saved me all this wait."

Presently a door down the hallway opened and he heard Mr. Grantley say:

"I think there is no doubt about our success in this deal, Atwood. J. & C. is selling way down now, and we can get the bulk of it at bed-rock. I gave Harlow orders this afternoon to start in buying on the quiet all the shares he could find. He'll get on the job in the morning. When he is through we'll send Dennison on the floor to pick up the rest."

"All right, Mr. Grantley. Whatever you have done in this matter is perfectly satisfactory to me," said the visitor.

The two gentlemen then came out into the hall and started toward the door.

"Hello! who are you, young man?" asked Mr. Grantley, evidently surprised at Tom's presence in the hall.

"You left a package at our office late this afternoon, Mr. Grantley. Mr. Cartright, the operator, sent me up here with it."

"Yes, yes; I had forgotten about it. Tell Mr. Cartright that I am obliged to him for sending it up."

Tom said he would, tendered his slip for the gentleman to sign, and then took his leave.

"I guess I've got on to a swell tip," thought the young messenger as he started back downtown. "The first I've run across since I've been in Wall Street. If I only had \$50 or \$100 I could double it as sure as eggs are eggs."

But Tom's entire capital was something less than a dollar, so he might just as well not have had the tip for he couldn't use it. It seemed a shame that when a chance came his way that he was unable to take advantage of it. After supper that evening Tom started for a vaudeville show on 125th street. The newsdealer where he

bought his morning paper had presented him with a billboard ticket, which entitled him to a seat in the gallery. The show was a good one, and he enjoyed it hugely. On his way home through 123d street he saw a man staggering ahead of him. There could be no doubt that he was under the influence of liquor. Suddenly a couple of tough-looking citizens appeared from an alley where they had been hiding and sprang upon the intoxicated stranger. He went down like a dog, and the ruffians proceeded to go through his clothes.

That was more than Tom could tamely witness. In spite of the fact that he had odds to face, he dashed forward and cut across the street to the rescue. One of the rascals jumped up and faced him. Tom dodged a blow the fellow aimed at his face and struck him a tremendous thump in the stomach.

The ruffian staggered back with a grunt and an imprecation. His heels struck the curb and he sprawled backward on the sidewalk. Tom turned on the other, who was rising with the stranger's watch and pocketbook in his hands, and smashed him in the jaw. The rascal took to his heels with his swag, but Tom was after him, like a shot. Finding that the boy was overhauling him he began dodging about, but that did not avail him much. At last he stopped and struck at Tom as the boy rushed at him. Tom avoided the blow without much difficulty and landed his left on the thug's ear.

"Hang you! if I had a gun I'd settle you for good!" hissed the chap.

The young messenger evaded a second vicious lunge and landed again on the ruffian's face. The fellow had no skill and Tom was able to hit him at will. Realizing that he was getting done up, the thief turned to flee again, but before he could get started Tom reached him with such effect on the jaw that he fell head-forward into the street.

He seemed quite dazed by his overthrow and Tom took advantage of his helplessness to search his pockets for the watch and pocketbook. He found both in one of his outside sack pockets and, taking possession of them, left the fallen rascal and started back to restore the articles to the owner. The man, however, had vanished, and so had the other thug.

"He must live in one of these houses near where he was attacked," thought the boy.

That was quite probable, but it was impossible to tell which of the private houses was his residence. It was too late now to start in ringing to make inquiries, so noting the block, Tom continued on his way home.

Reaching his room he first looked at the watch and saw that it was a handsome gold timepiece.

The chain was attached to it, the thief having torn it out of the button-hole. Laying it down on his bureau he opened the pocketbook. There was a bunch of money in it amounting to nearly \$900.

"Those rascals would have got a big haul if I hadn't been around to queer them," thought Tom.

Besides the money were several memoranda and a dozen small business cards.

"Charles Bronson, architect, — Broadway," read Tom.

He guessed that Mr. Bronson was the gentleman to whom the watch and wallet belonged.

"It will be a simpler matter for me to call on

him than to make inquiries at a dozen or more houses, as I intended doing. If he isn't the man he'll be able to direct me to the right party," said Tom.

With that reflection he went to bed. Next morning he told his mother and sisters about his adventure, and showed them the wallet and the watch. A further investigation of the pocketbook showed that Mr. Bronson's name was on one of the memoranda.

"I guess he's the man, mother," said Tom.

"I should judge that he is," she answered.

"I will call on him this afternoon, for I've got to go up to the Empire Theater about three."

"He ought to reward you, Tom," said one of his sisters.

"Well, I won't refuse any little token of his appreciation. He certainly would have lost both watch and money if I hadn't been on hand to rescue them."

After a busy day, Tom started uptown at half-past two. Mr. Bronson's office was in one of the big buildings of upper Broadway. Tom easily located it and took an elevator for the sixth floor. On one of the doors was the sign, "Charles Bronson, Architect."

He walked in without knocking and found himself in a railed-off enclosure. Beyond were several desks, each occupied by a young man busily engaged on blue-prints or other kind of papers. Closer to the railings was a tall desk at which stood a man who seemed to be the bookkeeper. A big safe was open beside him. A small boy appeared and asked Tom what he wanted.

"Is Mr. Bronson in?" inquired the young messenger.

"Yes."

"I should like to see him."

"Got a message for him? I'll tell him."

The boy went into a room close by. He returned to the door and beckoned Tom to enter. A well-dressed gentleman sat at a desk covered with papers and blue-prints. The moment Tom looked at him it struck him that this was the victim of the thugs the night before, though he had not seen his face during the trouble.

"Well, young man?" asked the architect.

"May I ask you if you are the gentleman who was knocked down and robbed on West 123d street last night?" asked Tom politely.

"Eh?" exclaimed the architect with a frown.

If he was the man the recollection was not pleasant. Tom noticed that the gentleman had no watch-chain on, but that was not *prima facie* evidence that he had lost such an article. The boy repeated his question, though not in the same words.

"Who are you, and what is the object of your visit?" asked the architect sharply, not answering his question.

"My name is Tom Trevor. I am employed as messenger by the Wall Street office of the A. D. T. Co. My object in coming here was to find out if you were the man I saw knocked down and robbed last night."

"Why do you wish to know that?" asked the gentleman curiously.

"Because I tackled the two thugs who jumped on the gentleman, but not soon enough to save him from being plundered. However, that didn't matter, as I chased the fellow who had the watch

and pocketbook, knocked him out and took them away from him. I found a considerable sum of money in the wallet and a bunch of your business cards. The latter fact gave me the idea that you were the gentleman who was robbed. If you are, I would like to restore you your property."

The architect regarded Tom attentively before he spoke. Apparently he was sizing him up.

"Young man, I regret to admit that I am the person you seek. I am ashamed to say that I was under the influence of liquor, a fact that you doubtless noticed. So you attacked those rascals single-handed, did you, and recovered my property?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom, modestly.

"You must be a plucky fellow. I am under great obligations to you, as my wallet contained some valuable memoranda."

"And how much money?"

"I couldn't say the exact amount, but it was over \$800."

"I guess there is no doubt that you are the person the wallet and watch belongs to. Here they are," said Tom, laid both articles on his desk. "I counted the money and put it back. It amounts to nearer nine hundred than eight hundred. I wish you knew the exact amount so that you could be sure I did not tamper with it in any way."

"I am not afraid of that. You could easily have kept the money and sold the watch without taking any particular risk. You are certainly an honest boy, and I am very much obliged to you for hunting me up. I value the watch as a gift of a good friend, and I regard its recovery as of more importance than the money. Allow me to present you with a token of my gratitude."

The architect peeled off five \$50 bills and offered them to Tom.

Tom noticed the amount and hesitated about accepting so much for the service he had rendered the gentleman.

"I didn't bring your property back to you with the expectation of a reward," he said, "though I did not intend to refuse a small present if you offered it."

"Well, that's a small present. Take it."

"I think it's a big one."

"Not at all. The service you rendered me was much bigger."

Tom took the money and thanked him. The architect then asked him where he lived and the particulars of the night affair. Tom told him all that had happened, and Mr. Bronson again complimented him on his pluck. There being nothing further to detain him, Tom took his leave.

CHAPTER III.—Trimming a Bully.

"Mother, Mr. Bronson was the man," said Tom, when he got home.

"I thought so," answered Mrs. Trevor.

"He gave me a handsome present for returning him his property."

"Indeed! Well, I guess you deserve it."

"It was money. How much do you think he gave me?"

"One hundred dollars."

"More than that."

"Two hundred?"

"And fifty."

"As much as that? He was quite liberal, but I guess he realized that he would have lost it all and his watch, too, but for you."

"I suppose so. Here is \$50 for you. The balance I'm going to put up on a stock that's sure to be a winner."

"I trust you won't lose it."

"I don't think I will. I'll tell you how I got hold of the tip."

Tom told his mother about the incident at Mr. Grantley's house.

"He's a big gun in Wall Street. There are men down there who would put up thousands of dollars on the strength of what I accidentally overheard. I dare say I could easily get two or three hundred dollars for that tip if I took it to certain people, but I don't think that would be right. I have no right to give out information that would injure Mr. Grantley's business interests. The twenty shares I propose to buy won't cut any ice, so there is no harm in my getting in and taking advantage of a good thing."

"Well, Tom, I hope you will win. We are not so well off that we can afford to lose any money at all, much less \$200, which is a small fortune to us."

"I expect to double it inside of two weeks."

"I hope you will," replied his mother, going on with her preparations for supper.

Tom's eldest sister, Fanny, wanted a small rake-off when she learned how much he had got for taking back the gentleman's property, but Tom told her that he could not afford it.

"Wait till my stock deal goes through and then I'll make it all right with you," he said.

Fanny would rather have had \$5 than wait for a prospective \$10, but had to accept Tom's arrangement. Next morning, a chance occurring, Tom went to the little bank on Nassau street and bought, on margin, twenty shares of J. & C. stock at the market price of 88, which was low, as it usually ruled at 85 or over. He stowed the memorandum away in his vest pocket and returned to the office. That day was an unusually busy one with him, for he was kept on the bounce carrying messages all over the financial district. He was hurrying up New street about two o'clock when suddenly a missile of some kind hit his cap and knocked it into the street. He heard a malicious laugh not far away, and turning quickly around saw the hard-looking countenance of Patsy Flynn grinning out of a nearby doorway. The moment Patsy saw that Tom had seen him, he disappeared. Messenger 21 picked up his hat and close beside it saw a partly rotten apple which was evidently the object Flynn had flung at him.

Tom grabbed the apple, dropped it into one of his pockets and rushed into the entrance where he had seen his enemy. Patsy was not in sight. Tom was determined to find him and punish him for his conduct. There were no hiding places on the ground floor, and as Tom didn't believe that Flynn had gone into any office off the corridor, he rushed upstairs to the next floor. There he found the object of his pursuit telling a crony about the incident, and laughing with great satisfaction over its success. The first thing he knew, Tom had him by the collar and was shaking him with considerable vigor. He struggled desperately to

release himself, but Tom held a tight grip on him.

"What did you throw that apple at me for?" demanded the young messenger.

"Let go of me, blame yer! What are yer talkin' about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. I want you to apologize, understand?"

"Me! What d'ye think I am? Take yer hand off me or I'll bust yer in the smeller!"

Patsy doubled up his fists in an aggressive way, though privately he felt that his opponent was more than his match, but he didn't care to show the white feather before his crony. Tom put out one foot and tripped him up. Flynn hit the floor with some force and his bullet head struck the wall with a crack that made him see stars. Tom knelt over him so that he couldn't get up, and pulling the apple from his pocket, shoved the rotten part against Flynn's mouth.

"That's the apple you threw at me," he said. "Now you've got to eat it or take a pounding that'll teach you better manners in the future."

With a snarl of rage, Patsy kicked out at him. One of his shoes landed on the young messenger's instep. Tom grabbed one of his projecting ears and pulled it hard enough to make him howl. The young rascal struck at him furiously with both fists, but Tom had him in such an awkward position that his blows had little effect.

"Are you going to eat that apple?" demanded Tom.

"I'll see you to thunder first!"

Tom pulled him around and forced him back on the floor, perching himself on top of his chest.

"Now bite it or there'll be something doing you won't like!" he said, in a tone that showed he meant business.

Flynn struggled hard to dislodge the boy who had him at such a disadvantage, but his efforts amounted to nothing. At length he desisted and glared viciously up into Tom's face.

"Get busy with this apple," said Tom giving his ear another sharp pull.

"I won't!" gritted Patsy.

"Won't you?" replied Tom, twisting his ear till he roared with pain and began another struggle.

Tom waited till he had exhausted himself and then brought the apple into play again.

"I'll kill you yet!" snarled Flynn.

"You'll eat that apple first."

"Naw, I won't!"

Tom gave his sore ear another twist.

"Wow! You're tearin' my ear off, blame yer!"

"Take a bite, then, or I'll give you more of the same medicine. I'm going to teach you to keep your tricks off me, you red-headed bully! Bite, or—"

Flynn, thoroughly beaten into subjection, took the bite.

"Chew it! Go on, now. Chew it, or I'll leave you no ear at all."

Patsy, with tears of baffled rage in his eyes, was forced to chew and swallow the decayed part of the apple. Satisfied that the young ruffian was sufficiently punished, Tom released him and let him get up.

"I'll fix yer for this, see if I don't!" hissed Flynn, glaring in a fierce way at his aggressor, but taking care to back away toward the stairs.

"You'll fix nobody, you cowardly tough! I warn you now that if you monkey with me again I'll make it twice as hot for you!"

"Yah!" gritted Patsy.

Tom made a bluff of starting for him again. Flynn instantly dashed down the stairs as fast as he could go. Seeing that Tom had not followed him in a hurry, but was coming leisurely down, he stopped at the foot and hurled a string of epithets up at him. Tom started after him, though with no intention of overtaking him. Patsy immediately took to his heels and was half way down the block, almost, when Messenger 21 came out on the sidewalk, followed by Flynn's crony.

"I dare say he'll try to get back at me in some underhand way if he can do it," thought Tom, "but he'll regret it if he does. I have no respect for such lobsters. He knows I'm his master and he'll never dare to attack me on even terms."

Tom went on to the office. When he saw Ed Donaldson he told him about the incident.

"You served him just right," he laughed. "I wish I had been there and seen him chew on that apple. It must have broken his heart to do it, but you had him dead to rights, and he had to eat humble pie to save himself."

"He's afraid of me ever since I thumped him for bullying Billy Gates. He thought he'd get back at me this afternoon without me knowing it, but I was too quick for him."

"Well, you want to look out for him even if he is afraid of you. He's a bad egg, and will try to reach you behind your back. If he saw a chance to break your head with a stone he's just the kind of chap who would do it."

"I'm not afraid of anything he's likely to do to me. I'm never asleep. He found that out on New street. He'll have to be sharper than I think he is to get away with another trick in my direction."

While talking the two boys had been bound in the same direction. Now Ed turned down Exchange place and Tom kept straight on.

CHAPTER IV.—Tom Is Commissioned to Deliver a Note.

Two nights later Tom was hurrying down Rector street to catch an elevated train for home at the Rector street station. It was five minutes after eight, and the narrow street was quite silent and deserted at that hour, though there was still a good deal of life on lower Broadway, a hundred yards away. Tom had on his waterproof, for a drizzling rain was falling, and the dark sky indicated that more was coming. Suddenly a man stepped out from the dark entrance of a store, which looked as if it had been closed for an hour or two.

"Hold on, sonny!" he said.

Tom stopped and looked at him sharply.

"You're an A. D. T. messenger, aren't you?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"Bound on an errand?"

"No, I'm off for the day and going home," replied the boy, wondering what the man's object was in stopping him.

"Do you want to earn ten dollars?" asked the stranger.

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed Tom.

"That's what I said."

"How can I earn it?"

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"By carrying a message for me."

"I suppose I could do it, but it's rather irregular. We're not supposed to take messages on the outside."

"What's the difference when you do it on your own time?"

"It must be important if you're willing to pay ten dollars."

"It is—private and important."

"Do I get the ten in advance?"

"Yes, but you'll have to give me your name and the office you work at. I want a guarantee that I can depend on you."

"Where is the message to be carried, and is there any answer to be brought back?"

"I want a letter delivered at a house out in Jersey, near the Hackensack River."

"That's quite a distance. It's worth ten dollars for me to go away out there on such a night as this. I ain't sure that I care for the job."

"Pooh! You can get a car at the ferry on the other side that will take you within a few blocks of the house. Have you had your supper?"

"No. I've got to wait for that till I get home."

"You needn't. I'll give you half a dollar extra to pay for your supper and you can get it before you start. There's a restaurant on Cortlandt street."

Tom hesitated. The ten dollars, with a good supper thrown in, was a temptation to him. He could save enough out of the half dollar to pay his car-fare and ferry tickets, and he'd have the ten dollars clear profit. He probably wouldn't get home before eleven o'clock, but that didn't greatly matter, as he didn't have to report at the office till eight in the morning.

"Will I be able to find the house without any trouble?" he asked the man.

"You will if you follow the directions I am going to give you."

"Of course I'll follow them. I don't want to be out all night on this job."

"It won't take you more than an hour to go there after you leave the ferry."

"And an hour back. Then twenty minutes for supper. Say twenty minutes at least wasted on the ferry both ways. After that, thirty minutes to get home. That makes three hours and ten minutes, and it's now quarter past eight. I'll figure on reaching my house at half-past eleven."

"And you'll be ten dollars richer than if you put in the three hours and a half at home. You ought to be satisfied."

"All right, I'm on. Where is your letter, the ten fifty and the directions?"

"Here is the letter. Remember that it's important, otherwise I shouldn't offer so much for its delivery. By the way, what is your name, and where do you work?"

Tom gave him his name, his number, and the address of the office to which he was attached. The stranger noted it down on a card, handed him the money and gave him explicit directions how to find the house, which he described as an old-fashioned three-story brick structure, which stood apart by itself close to the river, and was reached by way of a partly opened street. Tom was satisfied he could find it all right, though he had never been in that neighborhood before, as he had only to go up one street, six blocks, turn off to the right and follow that street direct to the house.

That was easy enough for an experienced messenger boy or, in fact, for anybody who was not a dummy.

"Sign that card," said the man, offering him the pasteboard on which he had put down his name and business address, "and then you can start."

Tom wrote his name.

"There's no answer?" he said.

"None."

"I'll write out a receipt for the party to sign as evidence that I delivered the letter. What's his name? Is this it on the envelope?"

"You don't need a receipt, for if the letter reaches the man I'll know of it all right, and that is all that is necessary."

Tom, however, determined to get a receipt so as to be able to show that he had delivered the letter according to arrangement.

"Good night," said the man, starting toward Broadway.

Tom nodded and hurried on toward Greenwich street. When he reached the corner he turned north and soon got to Cortlandt street. The restaurant the stranger had mentioned was on the other side of the way, and Messenger 21 was presently seated at a table giving his order to a waiter. He wasted no time over his supper, and thirty minutes later stepped off the ferryboat at Jersey City and looked for the car line the man had directed him to take. He boarded a car with the word "Newark" on it, and presently was bowling along a broad, well-lighted thoroughfare. The rain had ceased, probably only for the time being. Tom, however, didn't worry about the rain as long as he had his waterproof on. He was accustomed to running about the streets in all kinds of weather, for messages and packages had to be delivered in foul weather as well as in fair.

It was quite a ride to the street where Messenger 21 was to leave the trolley car, but Tom got there in about thirty-five minutes. A long vista of gas lamps and detached houses confronted him when he started to walk the first six blocks. The wet sidewalks were practically deserted of pedestrians, and nobody who could stay in the house that night cared to be abroad.

"I guess I couldn't earn ten dollars any easier than I'm doing to-night," Tom said to himself, as his footfalls echoed along the sidewalk. "Six blocks this way and four the other, with a short distance where the street is not yet cut through, which will probably be rotten walking, though there is a well-defined path, the man said. Well, as long as I can't very well go astray, I don't care. I guess it's about half-past nine now."

He hustled along and soon covered the six blocks which brought him to the street he was to turn up.

The first block looked pretty well lighted, and a cheerful glow shone from many of the houses, but beyond that block he could only see the street lamps at some distance apart, and but an occasional light in the gloom indicating the presence of a house.

"I hope I won't run against any thugs up this way," thought Messenger 21. "They would hardly find me worth holding up, though I wouldn't like to lose the price of my night's tramp. I don't imagine I'll run foul of any of those chaps, though a fellow never can tell what might happen on the street, particularly in a neighborhood."

when one is not likely to meet with a cop in a coon's age."

After passing the first block the houses thinned out, and the thoroughfare grew darker and lonelier the further he went on.

"I wouldn't care to live away out here. It must be awful walking in winter, with icy sidewalks and slushy roadways," thought Tom, looking around the dreary prospect.

It was not nearly so bad or country-like in the daylight, as there were many houses close at hand that the young messenger could not see in the dark. At last he came to the final block.

Both the street and the gas lamps ended here, and the balance of the way he had to tramp in the Stygian darkness. He found the path without much difficulty, and as this led direct to the house, according to his directions, the darkness did not matter so much after all. There wasn't a light to be seen ahead, the house he was bound for being apparently veiled in the surrounding gloom.

Tom didn't doubt but the path would take him to his destination, as the stranger who had intrusted the delivery of the letter to him had said it would.

And he was right. Gradually, out of the darkness, a big, three-story house showed itself, like a ponderous shadow more palpable than the inky blackness of the horizon behind it. The path practically led up to a gate in a low, wooden picket fence. Tom opened the gate and entered the grounds. The building stood back from the gate about ten yards. There was a low stoop which Messenger 21 mounted. He looked for a bell handle and found one in its proper place. He gave it a vigorous pull and waited for somebody to come to the door. It seemed a long time, during which Tom gave the bell another pull, before any sound within the house indicated that some one was stirring inside.

"Who's there?" asked a voice through the key-hole.

"A messenger boy," replied Tom, loud enough to penetrate through the door.

There was a pause and then the door was unbarred, unlocked and opened a few inches on a chain. No light appeared which showed that the man had come in the dark.

"What do you want?" he asked, rather roughly.

"I've brought a letter for a man named Mooney," said Tom.

"That's me. Who gave it to you to bring out here?"

"A smooth-faced man I met on Rector street, near Broadway. He said it was important, and I guess it must be, for he paid me well for fetching it."

"Give me the letter."

"Here it is. Sign that receipt for it."

Mooney took the envelope and the receipt and closed the door after saying: "Wait."

Tom saw the flash of light through the keyhole.

"I don't wonder that he has the door barred and bolted in such an out-of-the-way spot, and keeps it on a chain against visitors unknown to him. I'd do the same if I had to live here, but, all the same, I wouldn't live here for a farm," thought the boy, as he waited for Mooney to sign the receipt and return it to him.

Presently the man opened the door and handed out the receipt with something else.

"There's a dollar for you, young fellow," he said, in a tone not so gruff as before. "It's worth that coming out on such a night."

"The man who sent me paid me well for coming," said Tom.

"That will pay you for going back. Good night!"

He shut the door and Tom heard him lock it and readjust the bar.

"That makes eleven dollars I've earned tonight," muttered Messenger 21, as he started for the gate. "Not so bad for a couple of hours' extra work."

His hand was on the gate when he saw two shadowy forms coming out of the darkness. Not knowing what their character might be, Tom drew back to let them pass in, as they seemed bound for the house. They opened the gate without noticing the boy's presence.

"I hope Dickson has got the price we put on the girl," remarked one, "for this kidnapping business is a mighty dangerous game, particularly when one plays for high stakes."

"I hope so, too. However, we're likely to learn before morning, for Dickson promised to get word to us to-night. If the girl's father has stumped up we're to release the young lady at once, which means that one of us will have to take her to the trolley, put her aboard a car bound for Jersey City and decamp for our regular rendezvous, where the rest will make their way to await the division of the spoils when Dickson joins us," said the other, leaning on the gate.

"Right you are, Burns; but if the girl's old man has refused to come down with the dough and keeps the police busy trying to find his daughter and bring us to the bar of justice, why, we'll have to make good our threat and put the girl out of the way. A man who values his money more than his daughter's life doesn't deserve to have a child," said the other.

"The morning papers said that the old fellow was weakening and was inclined to come to terms with the abductors, but the police are doing all they can to prevent him from yielding hoping to rescue the girl and jail her kidnappers."

"They'll never be able to do anything," replied the other. "We've had the young lady two weeks now, and I don't see that the police are any nearer to finding her than when they started in on the case. They certainly haven't the least suspicion that she's stowed away in this house, or we'd have had several detectives here before this."

"Dickson is too clever for the police. He's put a dozen false clues in their way which they had followed till they found there was nothing in them."

Tom listened to their conversation first with surprise and then with great interest and no little excitement. Two weeks previous the newspapers published the story of the mysterious kidnapping of the daughter of a well-known financier. A day or two later it came out that the father of the girl had received a communication from the kidnappers, stating that the girl would be returned on receipt, in a certain way, of the sum of \$50,000. Interviewed by reporters, the gentleman had vehemently declared he wouldn't pay a cent to the rascals, and offered a reward of \$10,000 for information that would lead to their arrest.

After the publication of his statement he received another letter from the rascals in which they threatened to make away with the girl unless he yielded to their demands. The tone of the second letter showed that they meant business, and the girl's father began to waver in his determination. The police, who were exerting themselves in the case, objected to the gentleman entertaining any overtures from the rascals, but as the days went by and the authorities failed to get any real clue to the girl's whereabouts, the newspapers intimated that the financier, whose name was Baldwin, was dickering with a representative of the abductors, with the view of recovering his daughter.

As Tom kept abreast with the news, he was acquainted with the facts of the case, and so the conversation of the two men was a great revelation to him.

Evidently, they were a part of the gang who had captured Edna Baldwin, and from what he had heard them say the girl was a prisoner in this house where he had delivered the note to the party by the name of Mooney. At the same time he jumped to the conclusion that the party who had commissioned him to deliver the note was Dickson, who appeared to be the leader of the conspiracy. Tom was beginning to figure out what he should do as soon as he got away from the neighborhood, his idea being to call on the chief of the Jersey City police and tell him about his errand and what he had overheard, when one of the men suddenly struck a match to light his pipe. The halo of light brought Messenger 21 suddenly into view and the two rascals saw him standing a few feet away from them. Both uttered ejaculations of consternation, for their first impression was that they had been shadowed to the place by one of the detectives on the case.

CHAPTER V.—In the Hands of the Kidnappers.

The unexpected flashing of the match startled and disconcerted Tom. He wasn't looking for such a thing to happen. He caught a good look of one of the men's faces and it struck him that he had seen it before.

"As detective, by George!" cried one of the rascals. "Grab him, Jim!"

The speaker dropped the expiring match and immediately struck another. During the moment of darkness, Tom recovered his self-possession, made an attempt to escape through the gate. The fellow addressed as Jim blocked his purpose and seized him with a bear's hug. This placed Tom at a great disadvantage, for he was unable to use his fists, which was a strong point with him. The other chap then laid hold of him with one hand, while he held the match before his face.

"Why, it's a boy," he exclaimed, in some surprise. "A district messenger, and, by George! it's the very chap from whom we tried to take those two bags of gold the other day, and would have succeeded if that other chap hadn't butted in, unexpectedly, and queered our game."

"I see now it's the same boy," said Jim. "What brings you out here, young fellow?"

Conscious that they had him where the hair was short, Tom concluded to tell the truth.

"I just brought a message to a man named Mooney in that house," he said.

"The dickens you did! From whom?"

"I don't know the man who gave me the note, but I met him on Rector street, New York."

"I guess he tells the truth," said Jim. "How else would he know that Mooney lives here? It must have been Dick—"

"No names, you fool!" growled the other, interrupting him. "So you brought a note to a man named Mooney, eh?"

"Yes," replied Tom.

"How long since?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Why didn't you go about your business after delivering it?"

"I was on my way when I saw you two blocking the gate."

"So you stopped and heard what we said, didn't you?"

As Tom scorned a lie he wouldn't deny the man's question. The only thing he could take refuge in was silence, and his interrogator took that as an admission on his part.

"Jim," he said, "it won't do to let this boy go, for we can't tell how much of our talk he's overheard. Enough, maybe, to make things unpleasant for all hands. We'll have to take him around the back way and see Mooney about it."

Jim agreed with him, so Tom was forced to accompany them to the rear of the house, though he wouldn't have done it if he could have helped himself. He was taken into a shed and bound to a post. One of the rascals stood guard over him while the other went to the back door of the house and knocked three times in a peculiar manner. He was admitted after an exchange of words, and the door was shut and locked behind him. He was absent fifteen minutes.

"Mooney says we've got to hold him," he said to the other man, when he returned. "It will only be necessary for a short time, as the letter he brought out here from the boss tells us that the banker is going to pay money some time tomorrow, and when we let the girl go we'll let him go, too. In fact, he'll save us the trouble of taking her to the cars. We'll send her home with him."

"That'll be a good idea. He's a district messenger and the girl will be safe in his charge," replied the other. "Where is Mooney going to keep him in the meanwhile?"

"In the cellar of the house."

They unbound Tom from the post, then quickly tied his hands behind his back.

"Now, young fellow, march!"

"So you're going to keep me a prisoner?" said Tom.

"That's what we are, but it won't be for long. If you had gone about your business in the first place, and not hung around, listening to other people's talk, this wouldn't have happened to you."

"How do you know that I heard anything that would injure you?"

"We don't know how much you heard, but we guess you heard enough to be able to make things awkward for us. At any rate, we can't afford to take any chances with you."

"Nice way to treat a fellow that brought you a letter away out here."

"It's your own fault, not ours. We don't want

you here, but under the circumstances we've got to hold you."

Tom said no more, and was marched into the house. There he was brought face to face with Mooney, whose face was covered with a heavy beard.

"So you got yourself in trouble?" he said, grimly. "Well, you've got to remain a prisoner for twenty-four hours for the good of all concerned. We'll treat you as well as we can, but you must expect to be tied up, for we have no place to lock you up in. When the time comes for you to go we may want you to do us a favor. Whatever it is we'll pay you for doing it, so, in the long run, you won't suffer a whole lot by being cooped up for a day. At any rate, you won't have to run any errands tomorrow. It will be a rest for you," he added, with a grin. "Fetch him along."

Mooney picked up a lamp and led the way to the cellar. It was a musty, dirty place, filled with rubbish that had evidently been there a long time. Cobwebs festooned the beams of the ceiling, like great black stalactites in some underground cavern where the water had oozed through the rocks for centuries and froze. Mooney looked around for a suitable spot to put their prisoner. There wasn't much choice, so he was bound to one of the wooden supports of the house.

"Sorry to leave you in the dark," said Mooney, "but a light wouldn't do you much good, and we haven't a spare lamp. There are no ghosts down here, but there may be a few rats. They won't hurt you. I'll fetch you something to eat in the morning, so make yourself as comfortable as you can till then."

The men then left him, and he saw them mount the stairway in the corner with feelings that may be better imagined than described.

"This is a nice situation to be in," he muttered. "What will mother think when I don't show up tonight? She'll think I've met with an accident, and she won't sleep a wink. Well, it can't be helped. I am going to make an effort to get free if I can, if it takes me all night to do it."

After making a vigorous effort, he found that the men had made a pretty good job of tying him. It struck him, however, that the post was not as solid as one might expect of a house support. He felt it shift under his exertions. So he began kicking at it with his heels. The beam shivered, showing that it had rotted away at its base. Bracing himself against the cement floor, he pressed back on the post. Little by little he worked it further out of the perpendicular, thereby loosening it at the top. To get it free above was what he aimed at, since the bottom had no longer any hold on the ground.

It was not an easy job he had on his hands, but he was a stout lad and when he made up his mind to accomplish anything he kept persistently at it till it was done. He worked steadily away for more than an hour before the bent nails finally lost their grip and the post came away altogether. Although he could now walk about, he was not free by any means. He was bound tightly to the loose post, and had to carry the article with him wherever he moved. After considering the matter for awhile he thought of a way of freeing himself. He felt around till he found the wall, then using it as a brace for the lower end of the post by bending his back in a horizontal fashion,

he began to work the rope toward the wall. This was a slow process, but every inch accomplished was so much nearer freedom of his arms. It was long after midnight when he got the rope to the end and slipped it off the rotten end of the post. He was then able to free himself of the rope altogether. On the whole, it was something of an achievement, and he felt quite tickled over his success.

"Now to leave the cellar and then the house," he said to himself as he struck a match and looked around. The light enabled him to locate the stairs, and he started toward them. Then the idea occurred to him that it would be a great thing if he could rescue Edna Baldwin, who was a prisoner somewhere in the house. That would get his name in the papers and, besides, would save her father from paying the kidnappers the \$50,000 they demanded. It was a risky thing to attempt, as the three men who were in the house doubtless slept with one eye open, as the saying is, for they could not tell but the detectives working on the case might locate them at any moment. However, he felt that it was his duty to save the girl if he could. Indeed, he figured that it would show a lack of grit on his part to make his escape without making some move in her interest. Having decided to see what he could do to eucrhe the kidnappers, Tom made his way out of the cellar.

CHAPTER VI.—Tom Rescues Edna Baldwin.

The entrance to the cellar was through a door at one end of the kitchen, and the men had not locked it, because they had no key to do it with. They took it for granted that it was impossible for their prisoner to get free, no matter how much he tried to do so. Tom peeped through the keyhole before he turned the handle, but all was dark and silent in the room. Satisfied of this fact, he ventured to open the door. As his eyes were accustomed to the darkness of the cellar, the kitchen appeared quite light in contrast, for it had two windows, and the sky having cleared since the young messenger was captured, a certain amount of light came through them and showed up every object in the room.

There was a small stove, four chairs, a plain deal table and a cupboard with dishes and other housekeeping articles. There were also a few pans and agate pots hanging from nails driven into the wall. Everything was new, having been provided for the object the rascals had in view. Tom removed his shoes and glided over to the door that admitted him into a small entry. Here he paused and listened, but the house was quite silent. He opened a door in front of him and looked into a dark apartment. He struck a match and saw that the room was bare and untenanted. Probably this had been the dining-room of the house. He crossed to a door and passing through found himself in the main hall with a wide flight of stairs leading to the floor above. The hall door was on his right. He saw that by removing the bar, unslipping the chain and turning the key in the lock he could make his escape in a few moments. The temptation to avail himself of this chance was strong, but he resisted it.

However, he deemed it prudent to open the way

before he made another move so as to provide himself with the means of quitting the house in a hurry if necessary. Accordingly, he lifted the bar out of the iron staples and placed it in one corner, detached the heavy chain with much caution and unlocked the door. He opened the door to make sure that it was free, and finding that it was, he started upstairs to try and find where Miss Baldwin was. Everything was dark on the second landing and Tom did not dare strike a light. Listening intently, he heard the deep breathing of a sleeper. Clearly, the door of the room where this man was sleeping was open. Tom hardly knew how to proceed. Without a light he felt all at sea. If he made a noise in fumbling around the landing he would probably awaken one of the kidnappers at any rate, and then there would be something doing. While he stood undecided at the head of the stairs it occurred to him that girl was most likely locked in one of the rooms on the third floor. He decided to go up there and see if his surmise was correct. Feeling his way forward he located the next flight and softly ascended. When he reached the landing he stood awhile listening, but no sound reached his ears.

"I think I'll risk a light here," he breathed.

He struck a match on his trousers. The light flared up and revealed four doors facing on the landing. The one nearest where he had stood had a key in the lock. Tom tried the handle and found that the door was locked. He turned the key, opened the door and entered the room, closing the door after him. Advancing into the room, he detected the presence of a sleeper there.

"I'm sure that's the young lady, for no one else would be locked in," he said to himself.

He struck another match to make sure. The light showed him a pretty girl of about seventeen years of age stretched, fully dressed, on a cheap cot. The only other furniture was a chair, a small table, a metallic washstand, with pitcher and bowl, also of metal, and a cheap mirror suspended against the wall above a wide shelf. On the floor beside the cot was an inexpensive rug. There were two windows, the blinds of which were closed. Having found the girl, the next thing was to arouse her and get her away. If she made an outcry at seeing him in her room the chances were the game would be up. Tom saw a lamp on the table and lighted it. Then he went over to the cot and shook the young lady, holding one of his hands in readiness to clap over her mouth if he saw she was going to shriek out. Edna Baldwin was dreaming of home and all who were dear to her when her vision was shattered by Tom's shake. She opened her eyes and started up with a look of fear in her eyes, but she made no sound.

"Miss Baldwin, I have come to take you home," said Tom, in a low tone.

"Take me home!" she exclaimed. "Am I really going home—now?"

"Hush! Not so loud. Three of your kidnappers are asleep on the floor below, and if they hear us talking that will be the end of your chance for escape."

"Escape! I do not understand you. Who are you, and how came you in this house? You seem to be a district messenger boy."

"I am a messenger boy. I brought a message

to a man in this house tonight, and I heard you were a prisoner here. I determined to rescue you if I could. That's why I'm in your room. Put on your hat and jacket and we'll try and get away without arousing the rascals."

"Then they don't know you are in the house?" she said, staring at him.

"To tell you the truth, they believe I am a prisoner in the cellar."

"Why, did they kidnap you, too?"

"No; I'm not worth kidnapping. They caught me listening to some of their conversation and suspecting that I was on to their game they prevented me from leaving the place for fear I would give them away. I escaped from the cellar a short time ago and came upstairs to look for you. Now that I have found you we have no time to lose if we expect to escape."

"I am ready to go with you," she said, putting on her jacket. "You are certainly a brave boy to run the risk of saving me."

Tom made no reply.

"My father will reward you for bringing me home," she said, as she took up her hat.

"I'm not looking for any reward. I consider that it is my duty to rescue you if I can manage it. If our escape is blocked I will be put back in the cellar again and they will see to it that I don't get out again."

As soon as she was ready, Tom turned the light down and opened the door.

"I'll have to carry you down, miss, for your shoes would make a noise on the bare stairs. I'm in my stocking feet, and I can go down without making any sound," whispered the boy.

Taking her in his arms, and handing her his shoes to carry, he commenced the descent of the upper flight with the greatest caution. They reached the second landing without anything happening to alarm them. After pausing to listen and take his bearings, as well as he could in the dark, Tom continued on down the first flight. Reaching the front door, Tom felt that liberty lay before them. Opening the door, he stepped outside and put his fair burden down on the porch. Then, after slipping on his shoes, he led her to the gate and thence out into the path that ran ahead for a long block to the first street.

"I think we are safe now, Miss Baldwin, for the rascals showed no signs of having heard us, but the quicker we get away from this neighborhood the better. We have a good ten blocks to walk to reach the trolley track, which is over in that direction, and we can't get there any too soon," said Tom, taking the girl by the hand and starting off at a good pace.

Messenger 21 had little to say till they reached the street proper, where the gas lamps were, then he told her how it happened that he came out there that night. After he had told his story, which included his capture, and the hard time he had to get free, Edna Baldwin declared he was the pluckiest boy in the world, and said she would remember with gratitude as long as she lived the service he had done for her. Then she told him how she had been kidnapped, brought to the house under the influence of a drug, and locked in the room where he found her, which, with a small adjacent room, had been her quarters ever since. The rascals provided some cheap novels and magazines for her entertainment, but she declared she

had hardly looked at them. They told her that as soon as her father paid the money demanded for her ransom she would be released and sent home.

If he failed to come to time within a reasonable interval, they assured her that they would dispose of her in some way that would prevent her ever seeing her parents or home again. By the time the two young people reached the trolley tracks they were on particularly friendly terms, and Edna said Tom must call and see her occasionally, for she would always feel a strong interest in him for having saved her at considerable risk to himself. She insisted that her father would reward him handsomely, but Tom protested that he didn't want any reward.

"I think the satisfaction of having rescued a nice girl like you from a terrible position is reward enough," he said.

"But my father won't look at it that way. He will be so delighted to get me back that he won't be able to do too much for you," she replied.

"Well, his thanks are good enough for me. Some day I may want a favor of him and then he can make it all right with me."

They waited ten minutes for a car to come along. The first that showed up was bound for the ferry, and they boarded it. They were the only passengers, and the conductor regarded them with not a little curiosity, for it was then after two in the morning. The ferry was reached about three o'clock, and the ferry-boat, which had been in the slip some time, started soon after they boarded it. In a short time they stepped foot in New York. Cortlandt street was silent and deserted at that hour.

Miss Baldwin lived in West 72nd street, and they were presently in a Sixth avenue train, bound uptown. Leaving the car at the 72nd street station, Tom escorted Edna to her home and rang the bell. Bunker Baldwin was aroused and came down stairs to see who his visitor was. Although he had capitulated to the kidnappers, he did not expect to have his daughter returned until after he had paid the sum demanded. It had been arranged that he was to send the money to a certain place in Jersey City on the following day. When he opened the door, Edna sprang into his arms with the cry of "Father!" Mr. Baldwin was both astonished and delighted. Tom, who was exceedingly anxious to get home, started to say, "Good night."

"No, no!" cried the girl, seizing him by the arm. "Come in. Father, this boy rescued me from the kidnappers tonight and brought me home."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the banker. "Come in, young man. I want to thank you for what you have done for my daughter."

"It's getting close to the morning, sir, and I'd like to get home. I've got to be at my office in the Wall Street district at eight o'clock, so I've only the chance to catch a couple of hours' sleep. You can thank me some other time."

"Well, what is your name, and where do you live?" asked the financier.

"My name is Tom Trevor. Your daughter will tell you where I live and where I am employed. Good night, Miss Baldwin. I hope to see you again some time."

"You will call some night soon and see my mother, won't you?" she said.

"Yes, if you wish me to. I'll send you word by mail when to expect me. Good-by."

He rushed down the stoop steps and hurried back to the station to take the next train for 125th street.

CHAPTER VII.—Tom Tastes the Sweets of Fame.

It was after four when he got home, and he found his mother in a state of great anxiety over his unexplained absence.

"Well, you see, mother. I carried a message out to the suburbs of Jersey City this evening after getting my supper at a restaurant, and I was detained at the house where I went. Altogether, I had quite an adventure, and I'll tell you about it at breakfast, if I have time; otherwise you'll have to wait till I get home after work," he said.

Mrs. Trevor was satisfied with his explanation and happy that he had turned up all right. Tom hurried into bed and he did not feel at all like getting up when his mother called him two hours or so later and told him that breakfast was nearly ready. He had no time to tell her his story then, for as soon as he had swallowed his morning meal it was time for him to start downtown to his office.

"Where were you last night, Tom?" asked Billy Gates.

"Where?" replied Tom.

"Yes. You look as if you had been on a bender. Did you go to some shindig?"

"No, Billy, but I was up the greater part of the night, just the same."

"Toothache or something of that sort?"

"No, nothing of the kind. I was over in the wilds of Jersey."

"What were you doing over in that foreign land?"

"Earning eleven dollars and my supper to begin with, and—"

"Eleven dollars and your supper!" cried Billy.

"That's what I said. I never turn a chance down to make an honest dollar."

"That's a pile of money to make in one night. Almost a week's pay."

"Consider what kind of a night it was, and how far I had to go—away out to the Hackensack River, almost."

"You don't say, but there are trolley cars running out there, so, of course, you didn't have to walk."

"Only half a mile from the railway. I'd have got home and been in bed before midnight if I hadn't got mixed up in an adventure that kept me out till after four. That's why I look kind of rocky this morning, for two hours' sleep doesn't amount to a whole lot when you're tired."

"What kind of adventure was it?"

"It would take me too long to tell you now. I beg to refer you to the afternoon newspapers."

"The afternoon papers!" exclaimed Billy, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Twenty-one!" called out the operator at the moment.

That being Tom's number, he jumped up at

went to the railing. A minute later he was on the street, bound for an office to answer a call. In the meantime, the news of Edna Baldwin's rescue from the kidnappers by a district telegraph messenger had reached the Police Department, and from there the newspaper offices of the city. A number of reporters were sent to Banker Baldwin's home to learn the full particulars. They were duly received and permitted to interview the young lady.

She gave out her experience in the hands of the gang, and all the facts connected with her rescue by Tom Trevor, whom she declared to be the pluckiest boy she had ever met. When Tom got back to the office from one of his errands, two reporters were waiting to interview him. The few facts they had given to Cartright, the day operator, had greatly astonished that gentleman, who wondered why Messenger 21 had not told him anything about the matter.

Tom was allowed to talk with the newspaper men, and he explained how he had come to visit the house where the kidnappers made their headquarters, and what happened to him after he got there. The police had already communicated with the Jersey City authorities and officers had been sent to the house to catch the men supposed to be there. Their errand was fruitless, for when the rascals discovered that their two prisoners were gone they had deemed it prudent to take time by the forelock and beat a quick retreat themselves.

All the early editions of the afternoon papers had the story under big scare headings, and the public, who was greatly interested in the case, eagerly perused the news of the girl's escape. Tom, being one of the best-known messengers in the financial district, jumped into more prominence than ever. Every broker and business man in Wall Street had something to say about him that afternoon, and so had the army of messengers, who looked on Messenger 21 as the boss of their fraternity.

Tom found himself a real hero among his companions, as well as an object of great interest to the habitues of the Street. Men pointed him out to one another when they saw him hustling along, and the other messengers were continually greeting him with cries expressive of their feelings. Tom began to understand what fame is, even in a small way. During the afternoon a call came from Banker Baldwin's office for Tom, and he was sent over. He was shown into the financier's private room.

"Take a seat, my lad, I want to talk with you," said the banker. "You cut me short this morning at my house, but now I will take the opportunity to express the gratitude I feel toward you for rescuing my daughter from those rascals, and saving me the humiliation of paying the sum of \$50,000 demanded by the kidnappers for her safe return."

"That's all right, sir. I know you're grateful. You couldn't well be otherwise. I accept your thanks, and we'll let it go at that."

"No, we won't. I am going to reward you in a handsome manner."

"I'd rather you wouldn't, sir. I wouldn't feel half so proud of my achievement if I accepted remuneration for doing what I regarded as my duty."

"My dear boy, you have placed myself and

family under such deep obligations that we cannot possibly let it pass without bestowing on you some substantial recognition. You are rightfully entitled to some reward."

"I don't object to accepting a small present if it isn't in the shape of money, but I don't want to be paid for the service."

"I'm not going to pay you. I want to give you my check for \$10,000 to put away as a nest-egg for your future."

"Thank you very much, but I'd rather not take it. I'm looking after my own future, and would rather win my own way to Easy Street."

The banker argued the matter with him for some time, but Tom was firm in his refusal to take the check.

"If I should need a favor some time, which isn't impossible, I'll call on you and then you can square things by helping me out. Your daughter has asked me to call and see her, and I ask your permission to do so."

"You can call on her as often as you choose. No one will be more welcome at our house than yourself. By the way, where do you live?"

Tom told him his address and soon after left. The banker had made out the check to Tom's order. After the boy left he put it in his pocket and when he left for home he went up to Harlem and called on Mrs. Trevor. After introducing himself he found that Tom's mother had not yet learned of her son's adventure of the night before. The banker explained everything to her, handing her an afternoon paper to read later, and then told her that he was anxious to reward the boy.

"I sent for him a couple of hours ago and asked him to accept my check for \$10,000, but he wouldn't take it," said Mr. Baldwin. "Now, the only thing I can do is to give it to you. Cash it and deposit the money in a downtown trust company to his credit. Don't tell him anything about it, for he might insist on returning the money to me. Will you do this for me, madam?"

Mrs. Trevor, after some hesitation, said she would.

"He deserves every cent of it, Mrs. Trevor, and more," said the visitor.

"I suppose so, sir, but I hate to keep a secret from him."

"When the secret is for his own good, madam, you ought to feel no compunction on the subject. One of these days that money, with its added interest, will come in very handy to him. It may be just what he needs to start him on the road to ultimate prosperity."

The banker wrote across the check, "Pay the face of this check to Mary Trevor," and signed it. Then he bade Tom's mother good-by and took his leave.

CHAPTER VIII.—Patsy Flynn Receives an Overture.

When Tom got home, about half-past eight, his usual time, that evening his mother and sisters were still talking about his previous night's adventure as detailed in the afternoon papers.

"Why didn't you mention it at breakfast this morning?" asked Fanny Trevor.

"Didn't have time," he replied.

"You could have told us a little, at any rate. What a close boy you are."

"Yes, I'm pretty close when it comes to lending money without security," laughed Tom.

"Why, you've made a regular hero of yourself. Just to think that you should rescue Miss Baldwin after the police have been on the job for two weeks and failed!"

"It was just luck, sis."

"Well, you've done a great thing for yourself. Miss Baldwin must feel very grateful to you. Is she pretty?"

"Yes, she is uncommonly pretty."

"I dare say, you think it nicer to save a pretty girl than a homely one."

"I didn't know how she looked when I started in to save her, and I didn't care. What has looks got to do with it?"

"Are you going to try and improve the acquaintance begun under such romantic circumstances?"

"Perhaps. It's worth while being on calling terms with a banker's daughter."

"Dear me! you'll be putting on a lot of style."

"Don't you worry about that," said Tom, pushing back his chair after finishing his supper. "Wait till I close out that deal of mine at a profit and I'll give you something to help you put on a little style yourself."

"Small favors are thankfully accepted. I need a new dress and hat."

Just then the bell rang and Ed Donaldson came up to see Tom. He had read the newspaper account of Tom's feat with no little astonishment.

"Hello, Tom!" he said. "Good evening, Miss Fanny!"

"Hello, Ed! Sit down and make yourself miserable."

"I couldn't do that in the presence of such a charming young lady as your sister," replied Ed, gallantly.

"There's a compliment for you, Fanny!" laughed Tom. "I guess Ed thinks you are the whole thing."

Fanny smiled and blushed, and Ed flushed a bit, too, for he was somewhat smitten with his friend's sister.

"Say, Tom," he said, "I see you've been getting yourself in the limelight in great shape. Lord, to think you should figure in the Baldwin kidnapping case and actually rescue the girl yourself."

"Well, what of it? If you'd been in my shoes last night you would probably have done what I did."

"Tell us all about it."

"It's all in the papers. You've read the story, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course, but the papers don't get hold of all the particulars."

"I was just about to go over the affair for the benefit of my mother and sisters, so you can listen, too."

Tom told the whole story from the moment he encountered the stranger on Rector street till he left Miss Baldwin at her home.

"You must have had a fierce time in that cellar, freeing yourself," said Ed.

"Well, say, I don't want to have to repeat it. If that post hadn't been rotten at its base I never would have got free, so you see luck ran my way."

"Luck is what counts every time," admitted Ed. "Those kidnappers must be pretty sore on you. You done them out of \$50,000. I suppose the banker will reward you handsomely. I wish I were in your shoes."

Tom made no reply, and soon afterward he and Ed went out together. Several days passed before Tom ceased to attract attention in Wall Street. The other messengers did not forget the matter in a hurry, and they regarded the boss messenger with an unfeigned admiration. Patsy Flynn was one of the few whose jealousy of Tom was fanned by his new importance into greater activity. Patsy never failed to run Messenger 21 down to his cronies.

"That lobster makes me sick," he said, "but he'll see his finish yet, see if he don't."

Dickson, the head of the kidnappers, was furious when he learned that the girl had got out of his clutches, and that the boy he had employed to carry his message to Mooney, his lieutenant, was the cause of it. He swore that he would get square with Messenger 21, though that reflection gave him very little satisfaction when he thought of the \$50,000 he had missed by a hair.

Disguised as a countryman he loafed around Wall Street and watched Tom when he saw the lad on the street. And while he watched him he pondered how he could reach him. It happened that in the course of his wanderings he stood on New Street, beside a yawning basement entrance. He was still meditating upon the possibility of getting even with Messenger 21.

He heard boyish voices coming up from the basement. He paid no attention till he heard one mention the name of Tom Trevor in terms that showed he was down on that lad like a carload of brick. Then he listened. He heard many interesting remarks about Messenger 21, and it struck him that the youth who made those remarks was just the person to assist him in his design.

Three boys came out of the basement, and one of them was Patsy Flynn. Dickson recognized him as the lad who had been doing most of the talking and whose feelings toward Tom Trevor were decidedly unfriendly. The man studied his face and read in it a brutal and disagreeable nature.

"He is the lad for my money," he muttered. Then he called Patsy toward him.

"Young man, what's your name?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" growled Flynn, who was not particularly impressed by Dickson.

"It's something or I wouldn't have asked you."

"I don't owe yer anythin', do I?" grinned Patsy, unpleasantly.

"How would you like to make a dollar bill, with more to come?"

"Now yer talkin'!" grinned Flynn. "Want me to show yer around?"

"No; I want you to help me turn a trick."

"What do yer mean by that?" asked Patsy, suspiciously.

"You know a boy named Tom Trevor, a district telegraph messenger, don't you?"

"S'pose I do, what about him?"

"I judge that you're an enemy of his."

"Who told you that?"

"I've been listening to your talk down in that basement."

"You're goin' to tell him what I said, are yer?"

"No. I've got a big grudge against him, and don't know just how to reach him. I thought maybe you'd help me and keep it quiet. I'll pay you well if you will stand in with me."

Patsy regarded Dickson in some doubt.

"Is this straight goods or are yer lyin' to me to get me into trouble?"

"It's straight. Trevor has injured me and I want to fix him for it. I think you can help me. Here are a couple of dollars. Tell me your name and where I can see you tonight to talk it over on the quiet."

"My name is Patsy Flynn. I'll meet yer in Slogan's saloon in Cherry Hill, any time yer say," said the youth grabbing the money.

"I'll be there at nine o'clock."

"All right. Yer'll find me hangin' around outside the door. If I can help yer fix Tom Trevor yer kin count on me every time, for I hate him worse than pizen."

"You're the chap I want. It will be money in your pocket. Good-by, till tonight," and Dickson walked off, satisfied that things were coming his way.

Patsy Flynn looked after him and then walked off himself in the other direction. Before either was out of sight, Ed Donaldson poked his head out of the door close to which the conversation had taken place. He had overheard every word of it.

"I wonder who that fellow is?" he asked himself. "In what way has Tom injured him that he is so anxious to get back at him. He is ready to form an alliance with such a chap as Patsy Flynn. I must warn Tom of this. Maybe he'll be able to recognize the man. At any rate, he'll be forewarned against Flynn."

Then Ed walked off, fully resolved to call over to see Tom that night. At that particular moment Tom, unconscious that a conspiracy was about to be cooked up against him, was in the office of a certain broker, waiting for an answer to a note he had brought. While waiting, he took the chance that presented itself of looking at the stock indicator, which was ticking merrily away in a corner.

He was anxious to find out where he stood in J. & C., which he had bought at 82. He found, much to his satisfaction, that it was now ruling at 85. That meant he was about \$60 to the good. While he was shaking hands with himself he got the answer he was waiting for and started to deliver it to the man whose call he had answered.

CHAPTER IX.—Trapped by Telephone.

Ed called on Tom that evening and told him what he had overheard in New street that afternoon.

"Have you any idea who the man is, Tom?" he asked.

"Not the slightest. I haven't trod on anybody's toes that I know of," he replied.

"Well, he seems to be dead sore on you. He arranged with Flynn to meet him at some saloon in Cherry Hill at nine o'clock, to talk over a scheme for doing you up. After this you want to keep a sharp eye on that red-headed lobster."

"If he tries any more games with me he'll wish he hadn't," said Tom.

That evening, when Tom was preparing to go to bed, he began thinking about the man who had the grudge against him and wonderin' who he could be. Suddenly the truth flashed across his mind. The fellow must be one of the kidnappers in disguise. He knew of no other man who had any cause to be down on him.

"I'll have to look out for those chaps," he thought. "They evidently mean to be revenged on me. I don't know how Patsy Flynn can help them, but Patsy will do anything to get back at me, provided it doesn't get him in trouble. He's a bad egg. I don't know how he manages to hold his job at the Maritime Exchange. He loafes more than any messenger in the Street."

A week elapsed and J. & C. stock advanced a little every day. Then one morning the boom Tom was looking for started and the price went up to par in a couple of hours. Of course, everybody heard about the excitement at the Exchange. The lambs were falling over one another in their eagerness to buy the stock. Tom, being very busy, was unable to get to the little bank to sell his shares until half-past two, when it was going at 102 and a fraction.

Then an errand took him up to Pine street, and he stopped at the bank on the way and closed out his deal. The figures on the big blackboard showed him what the stock was ruling at then and he judged that his profit would amount to \$400. He had not expected to make so much, and consequently he felt mighty good. Two or three days elapsed, during which J. & C. had taken a sudden tumble, before he found a chance to collect his money. He received a statement of account and \$600.

When he got home he told his folks how lucky his deal had turned out, and presented his sister Fanny with \$25. He handed his mother \$50, and the balance he stowed away in his trunk. By this time he had forgotten all about the man who wanted to do him up. He had made one call on Edna Baldwin, and was warmly received by that young lady, who introduced him to her mother.

After spending a pleasant evening, he had promised to call again soon. One afternoon, late, the operator received a telephone call asking that Tom Trevor be sent to No. — South street, near the Brooklyn Bridge. The man was informed that Tom was out at the time and the operator asked him if another messenger wouldn't answer as well.

The man at the other end of the wire said he'd wait, as he'd sooner have Tom than any other messenger in the city. The result was that when Tom returned he was dispatched at once to South street. Of all the boys on duty at that branch office he had the least chance to rest. Half the customers always seemed to want Messenger 21 when they needed a messenger to go on any important errand.

When Tom reached No. — South street he found it was the corner building, and there was a saloon on the ground floor. The number evidently applied to the saloon, for there was no other entrance to the building on South street, the entrance to the upper floors being at the end of the building up the side street. So Tom entered the saloon and spoke to the bartender, who was a rather tough-looking citizen.

"Johnson," replied the man, "he lives upstairs,

He was in here until a few minutes ago, waiting for a messenger he telephoned for. You're the messenger, I guess, so you'd better go to the side entrance at the end of this building, walk up three flights to the top floor and knock on the door you'll see before you. He lives there, and I reckon you'll find him in."

So Tom, not suspecting that he was walking into a trap, went to the side entrance and mounted the stairs to find Mr. Johnson. The stairs and landings were narrow and dark, for the building was an old one. There were odors permeating the atmosphere not over pleasant to one coming in from the street and not accustomed to the confined smell of the building. Tom wondered how the people there could stand for them.

His tread echoed on the uncarpeted stairs, which creaked under his weight. At length he reached the top floor and saw a door facing him. This was the one the barkeeper had directed him to knock at. He knocked. A heavy tread crossed the floor inside and the door was thrown open. A man, with a countrified aspect, stood before him.

"Are you Mr. Johnson who telephoned for a messenger?" asked Tom.

"Yes. Come in."

Tom entered a room fitted up as a kitchen, the one window of which overlooked the backs of a string of South street warehouses. Hardly had he advanced two or three paces when a heavy shawl was suddenly thrown over his head and he was pulled backward on to the floor.

The party by the name of Johnson immediately flung himself on his prostrate form and held him down with his weight, while the other individual, who was Patsy Flynn, wound the shawl tightly around the messenger's head. Under such circumstances the struggle that Tom put up amounted to little. He was half smothered by the shawl, while his arms were pinned to the floor.

He realized that he was trapped, but could not understand the meaning of it. He sensed soon began to reel, he gasped for air, and in a few moments became unconscious. The bogus Johnson, who was no other than Dickson, the boss of the kidnappers, seemed to know by intuition the moment when Messenger 21 went off.

"Take off the shawl, Patsy, or he'll be smothered in earnest," he said. "We are not going to murder him."

Flynn unwound and removed the shawl. He gazed upon the unconscious boss messenger with a feeling of satisfaction.

"Now give me that cord on the table," said Dickson.

Patsy brought it to him and Tom was bound hand and foot. Then a cloth was tied across his mouth.

"Now lift him by the shoulders and we'll carry him into the bedroom," said the kidnapper.

They passed through an intervening room and laid Tom on a narrow bed. The window of this room overlooked the street, and afforded a contracted view of South street, some shipping at one of the docks, and the waters of the East River, with Brooklyn beyond. Dickson looked down at his prisoner.

"He's a slippery chap, but he won't get away this time when he comes to his senses," he said.

Patsy grinned. Tom didn't look as if he had much chance to get away.

"When he doesn't show up back at the office his boss will send another messenger to look for him," he said.

"He won't find any trace of him. The call came from the corner. The barkeeper knows what to say to anyone looking for him," replied Dickson.

"And tonight yer goin' to ship him out of the country?"

"Exactly. With a skipper that'll sew his mouth up if he doesn't walk a chalk line. It will be some time before he gets back, for the craft is bound for the Cape of Good Hope."

"Where is that?" asked Patsy, whose geographical knowledge was limited.

"At the southern end of Africa, several thousand miles away."

"Good enough. I hope he falls overboard before gets there."

"He's likely to go overboard if he doesn't toe the mark."

"That will be the end of the boss of the Wall Street messengers," said Flynn, in a satisfied tone. "I'm glad he's gettin' his. I hate him!"

"You aren't any more sore on him than I am."

"What did he do to you that yer fixin' him for it?"

"You asked me that before and I told you it was none of your business."

"Well, yer needn't get mad about it."

"I'm not angry. I just want you to understand that I'm not answering everything you want to know. I've given you ten cases and promised you ten more, which I'll give you by and by, to help me out, and say nothing. Besides, you're getting your own revenge on Trevor into the bargain, which is something, isn't it?"

"Sure. I'm satisfied if you are."

"Then, come on."

The pair left the room and returned to the kitchen.

"Now, you stay here on guard while I am away. Lock yourself in, and if anybody knocks pay no attention. When I return I'll knock three times, that way. Understand?"

"Yes," replied Patsy. "How long will yer be away?"

"I couldn't tell you. Maybe a couple of hours and maybe longer. I'm going down the bay a bit to see the skipper who has agreed to take Trevor if I put him aboard tonight, for the brig sails before daylight."

"Go on, then. I kin amuse myself all right. I've got a book and a pack of cigarettes. If yer ain't back before dark, kin I light the lamp?"

"Yes, but you must take it into the next room."

"I'll do it."

"Take a peak at the prisoner once in a while to make sure he's safe."

"Yep. He won't get away with me here yer kin bet yer life."

Dickson then departed. Tom recovered his senses during the brief conversation that had taken place between the kidnappers and Patsy in the bedroom. He heard most of what passed between them and he recognized Flynn, though he did not connect the alleged Johnson with the kidnapper who gave him the letter on Rector street, the delivery of which led to such important re-

sults. He lay quite still and kept his eyes shut, after one brief glance at his two enemies, and breathed easier when they left the room. For some moments he wondered who the man Johnson was. He judged that it wasn't the chap's right name, for the telephone call for him sent to the office was clearly a fake intended to lure him to the house. Suddenly he thought of the kidnappers.

"I'll bet this Johnson is one of them, maybe the leader, and this is the way he proposes to get even with me. Flynn doesn't know who he is, that seems evident. He's helping the fellow out of spite against me, and for the few dollars he'll get out of the job. How I'd like to out it over that young rascal, and I will if I get half a chance. So I'm to be shanghaied to sea? Not if I can prevent it. But how am I going to help myself? Bound hand and foot, in the top floor of this building, my chances for escaping don't look very bright. But I'm not going to throw up my hands, just the same. It isn't likely I'll be moved for some hours yet, until long after dark, probably, and something may be done in that time."

He immediately began working his arms in an effort to free himself.

CHAPTER X.—Tom Makes His Escape.

Two hours passed away and it was growing dark outside. Patsy Flynn was propped up in a chair near the window, his heels on the topmost front rung, which brought his knees on a level almost with his face. A nickel's worth of fiction engrossed his attention. That he was deeply interested in the adventures of its hero was evident from the fact that he had failed to look in at the prisoner, as he had been told to do. He had reached the climax of the story, and did not notice that the light was beginning to fail. Another page and he would be through with the yarn. The floor around him was littered with the butts of a dozen cigarettes he had consumed since left to his own devices.

"Gee! this chap is a peach. How he soaks it to them bandits with his magazine rifle, and they ain't drawn blood from him yet. I wish I was in his shoes. It must be a fine thing to have nerve and luck and all that. I suppose he'll marry the gal with the million as soon as he cleans up this bunch," muttered Patsy, half unconsciously, as he read along, with his eyes glued to the type.

Had he been less absorbed in his favorite recreation he might have heard a suspicious sound at the inner door. The door began to open slowly, inch by inch, until it stood ajar about a foot. Then a head cautiously appeared and a pair of eyes that belonged to Messenger 21 roved around the room till they rested on Patsy and noted his occupation. It was clear that Tom Trevor had made good use of the two hours and got free. He saw that Flynn was the sole occupant of the kitchen, and a grim look came over his determined features. After watching his young enemy for a moment he withdrew his head. Softly he returned to the bedroom and picked up the cord with which he had been bound. With this partly stuck in his pocket he returned to the kitchen door and looked in again.

Patsy had not moved. He was wholly absorbed in the finish of the story. A partly smoked cigarette rested between the fingers of his left hand. It had been out some minutes. Tom opened the door wider and still the red-headed boy's attention was not attracted to it, his back being turned in that direction. Tom slipped off his shoes and glided into the room. He felt that he couldn't afford to take any chances with his young enemy. Just as Patsy turned the library over to begin the last page, Tom drew back his arm and hit him a hard blow under the ear. If a cyclone had passed through the kitchen, Flynn couldn't have gone over quicker. He landed on his back completely dazed, and without the least idea as to what had happened. Before he recovered his wits, Tom had bound him hand and foot, like he himself had been trussed up. Messenger 21 then dragged him into the bedroom and left him on the floor. Returning to the kitchen he let himself out into the landing, ran quickly downstairs and stepped out on the street.

"Safe," he breathed. "I guess I won't go to sea on the brig. Mr. Johnson, or whatever his name is, will be sadly disappointed when he gets back and finds out that his prisoner has vanished. He'll be mad enough to put it all over Patsy for letting me steal a march on him. Sorry I can't see the interesting interview. Now to report at that office. It must be close to seven o'clock. I've been away since a quarter of four. The operator will have to charge my time to profit and loss. I wonder if I'll run across a cop on my way. I'd like to put the police on to Mr. Johnson. They might capture him when he gets back. In that event, Patsy will find himself in the Tombs tonight. He made a mistake going into the conspiracy against me, and I'm going to make him sweat for it if I can, whether the party by the name of Johnson is caught or not."

Tom didn't meet with a policeman on his way back to the office.

"That telephone call was a fake," he said to Cartright, laying down the unsigned slip he had carried away with him.

"A fake, and you've been gone three hours!" exclaimed the operator. "What explanation have you to make?"

Tom told his story. Cartright was amazed. Had the narrator been anyone but Messenger 21 he might have doubted it. He had perfect confidence in Tom's veracity.

"The police must be put on to this. Maybe they'll be able to arrest the man. In any case, we'll get the boy. You say his name is Patsy Flynn, a Maritime Exchange messenger?"

"Yes. A tough lad, with red hair, who lives over Cherry Hill way."

Cartright communicated with the police at once, and the officer on the wire promised to send a detective over to the house at the corner of South Street. The sleuth went to the place, but found the apartments on the top floor locked and apparently deserted. He made inquiries in the building and learned that the rooms were rented by a longshoreman and his wife, who had left word with the tenant underneath that they were going to a wedding in New Jersey somewhere and would not be back till the following day. The officer went in the saloon, but the barkeeper Tom had spoken to was off duty till the next morning. He found

out his address and called on him. The barkeeper was foxy, and suspected there was trouble in the air when the detective started to question him about Johnson. All he knew was that a party by that name had come in and taken a drink. He asked permission to use the telephone in the back room and paid ten cents for the privilege.

"He told me he had 'phoned for a messenger and asked me to send the boy up to him on the top floor of the house. He said he was visiting the Hogans, who live there. That's all I know about him."

The barkeeper's statement seemed straight enough, and the officer left, not much enlightened. The question in the detective's mind was, how had Johnson got possession of the Hogan apartments, and was the longshoreman and his wife in collusion with him? He judged the matter would stand investigation. While the sleuth was on the job, Tom's quitting time came around and he went home. The story he had to tell at the supper-table greatly startled his mother and sisters. It was evident to them that the kidnappers were trying to revenge themselves on him for spoiling their scheme with reference to Banker Baldwin's daughter.

Although Tom had managed to save himself this time by the skin of his teeth, Mrs. Trevor feared they would only lie back and wait for another chance to do up her son.

"Don't you worry, mother. They've got a tough nut to crack in me. The police will make it lively for the chap who gave his name as Johnson, while that little red-headed rascal who helped him has put his foot in it good and hard and will land in the Tombs," said Tom.

After supper he went over to Ed Donaldson's house to tell him about his afternoon's adventure.

"Gee!" cried Ed, after Tom had told his story, "those chaps are really after you. I warned you to look out when I told you about Flynn and the stranger making a date on New street that afternoon with reference to yourself. What you were up against today is probably the outcome of that."

"The trap that was set for me today was one I couldn't help falling into. I guess Flynn put the man up to it. I am answering just such calls right along."

"Well, you've got Flynn dead to rights, at any rate. His days are numbered in Wall Street. That's some satisfaction, even if the man isn't caught."

"I'd rather that the man were caught. I believe he's the leader of the kidnappers. The police would be glad to get hold of him."

"Who's going to prove that he's one of the kidnappers? You say that you did not recognize him as the man who gave you the note that night, and you know he isn't one of the other three you met at the house."

"He's the same size and build as the man I met on Rector street, but you know it was a dark, rainy night, and he had his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down about his eyes. As I know he isn't one of the other three it stands to reason it must be the same chap, unless there is another man in the bunch I know nothing about," said Tom.

When Tom reached the office next morning he was prepared to learn that Flynn was under lock

and key, and he hoped the man was with him. Soon after his arrival the detective called to see him. Then Tom found, much to his disappointment, that neither Flynn nor the presumed kidnapper had been captured. Patsy had evidently gone in hiding, for the officer could not find him at his home or around the neighborhood. That day a broker acquaintance of Tom's told him to buy L. & M. stock and hold it for a ten-point rise, if he wanted to make a haul.

"It's a perfectly safe lay for you to make," he told the boy, "but you must get on the job within a day or two in order to get the cream."

Tom thanked him and said he would take advantage of his tip. Next day he brought his \$500 down and put it up on 50 shares of L. & M. at 78.

"If it goes up ten points I'll double my money," he thought. "Then I'll be worth \$1,000."

He was blissfully ignorant of the fact that he was already worth \$10,000 deposited with a certain trust company for investment in a first-class mortgage at a guaranteed interest of 4 1/2 per cent.

Tom went blithely about his duties that day, for he saw \$500 profit coming to him in his mind's eye, and that was exceedingly pleasant. He was sitting in the office about six o'clock, calculating that in two hours more he would be off for the day, when a telephone call came in from a Broadway store for a messenger. Tom was called up and dispatched to the place.

A man who had been lounging outside the office for half an hour fell in behind him and followed him to the store. He saw that it was a jewelry establishment that Tom went into, and he waited till the boy came out with a small package in his hand. Tom started up Broadway, and when he came to Cortlandt street he turned down toward the ferry. The strange man was only a short distance behind him when he walked into the ferry house and bought a couple of ferry tickets. The man bought one for himself and boarded the boat after the boy.

Reaching the Jersey City side of the river, Tom got on the car of a certain trolley line, and the man got on also. After going a number of blocks, Tom alighted and walked three or four blocks in the residential section, taking note of the streets and the numbers on the houses. Finally he located the place he was bound for and rang the bell. A servant came to the door.

"Does Mr. George Brown live here?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Here is a package for him from Golding & Co., Broadway, New York. Please sign this slip and put the time down in that square."

As soon as the slip was returned to him he started on his return. It was about seven, or a little after, and night was falling over the town. The man who had followed Tom all the way from New York followed him back, keeping pace with him on the other side of the street. Reaching a corner within a block of the trolley line he was aiming for, Tom crossed the street. When he reached the opposite sidewalk he passed in front of the man. The stranger drew something from his pocket and struck the boy.

The blow landed on Tom and he went down on the sidewalk, insensible. Before a house close by an auto was standing. The man lifted Tom, car-

ried him to the machine and dumped him in. Jumping into the front seat he started the auto down the street and was soon out of sight around the next corner.

CHAPTER XI.—Tom in the Toils Again.

It was many hours later when Tom Trevor recovered his senses. The first thing he became aware of was a sever pain in his head, at the spot where the blackjack had landed on it.

The next, that instead of being on the street he was in a dark room. He knew it was a room, for his eyes were able to make out the four walls, though the ceiling was indistinct. There was nothing in the room but the mattress on which he lay, and a three-legged stool a few feet away. As he lay he heard a confused murmur of voices. The sounds came from an adjoining room. He leaned his head against the baseboard and listened. He distinctly made out men speaking close at hand, but could not distinguish what was said.

He remembered being struck down in the street, but had no idea who delivered the blow. He reasoned that it must have been the man whose path he had crossed, for he seemed to have been the only person anywhere near him at the time. Why had the man laid him out, and had some person living in the neighborhood picked him up and carried him into this house. Though Tom asked himself these and other questions bearing on the subject, he could not supply the answers. He was not bound, therefore, he reasoned, that he was not in the hands of enemies, and he trusted that he would come out of the scrape all right.

He decided to leave the room and hunt up the people of the house. He got on his feet, feeling weak and dizzy, and then was glad to postpone his purpose for a short time until he felt better. Suddenly he heard the door of the room being unlocked. The next instant he was blinded by the inroad of a bright light, which came from a lamp held in the hands of somebody behind it.

"Well, my bantam, yer've come to yer senses. How do yer like yer quarters?" spoke a voice that Tom identified at once as belonging to Patsy Flynn.

Messenger 21 was not a little staggered by the appearance in the room of his young enemy. Flynn put the lamp down on the floor near the door and took from under his arm a formidable-looking club. This he held ready to defend himself with, for he knew that Trevor was not bound.

"So it's you, Flynn?" said Tom, looking at him intently.

"It ain't nobody else, Tom Trevor. Don't yer attempt to get gay with me or I'll knock yer block off!"

"I suppose I may consider that I'm a prisoner in this house," said Tom.

"That's what yer are, yer lobster. We've got yer dead to rights this time."

"We! Who are we?"

"Me and the rest," grinned Patsy.

"And who are the rest?"

"Don't yer worry about them. They'll introduce themselves when they get ready. I just dropped in fust to see how yer was gettin' on."

"Sorry you took all that trouble. I didn't want

to see you. I can guess the company you're in. You'll soon see your finish."

"Ho! yer'll see yer's first. Yer got away somehow down on South street, but yer won't get away here even with yer hands loose."

"What part of Jersey City am I in?" asked Tom, seeking to draw some information from him.

"Yer ain't in no part of Jersey City."

"No?" replied Tom, in some surprise. "Then, where am I?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"You're not goin' to tell me, then?"

"Naw! Tell yer nothin'."

"I suppose that man by the name of Johnson is here, too?"

"Yer kin suppose what yer want."

"Say, what brought you in here, Patsy Flynn? Just to crow over me?"

"I come in to see how yer was enjoyin' yerself," chuckled the red-headed ex-messenger.

"You can't get out any too quick to suit me."

"I'll get out when I get ready. I ain't forgot that yer made me eat a rotten apple. As soon as I get another like it I'm goin' to make you eat it to get square with yer."

"You won't do it as long as my hands are free."

"Yer'll be tied up as soon as I tell the eap'n yer've come to yer senses."

"You mean Johnson, I suppose, though I guess that isn't his right name."

"If yer hadn't got away from us the other day yer'd have been at sea now," said Patsy. "And yer'd have stayed at sea till yer got to Africa or was chuckled overboard for bein' too cocky. Maybe yer'll get to sea yet. The cap'n is goin' to get square with you somehow, for he's sore on yer, but he don't hate yer any wuss than I do."

"I guess you told the truth that time. I never expected anything else from a fellow of your stamp."

"Yah!" snorted Flynn. "Think yer're the big smoke because ye're called the bess of the Wall Street messengers. I'll bet yer won't see Wall Street ag'in in a hurry. Dey'll need a new messenger at yer office, for yer won't show up there any more, yer kin take that from me."

"I wish you'd get out of here."

"I'll get out when—"

An arm appeared through the partly open door and a hand, gripping Flynn by the collar, yanked him outside with little ceremony, after which Tom heard the key turned in the lock.

"I'm glad he's gone, even if I am left in the dark," muttered Messenger 21. "So the kidnappers have got me again. It was a daring move to nab me on the public street. They must have shadowed me from New York, which shows they have been watching me at the office and keeping track of my movements. I'm afraid I'll never be safe from these chaps, if I get away from them this time, until the bunch is rounded up by the police. This is what I get for butting into their game and saving Miss Baldwin. They're sore over that \$50,000 they missed. Well, I don't care. I'd do the same thing again."

As his head didn't feel any too good Tom lay down on the mattress. He could still hear the indistinct conversation and laughter in the adjoining room. He did not try to listen any

more, and the sounds gradually lulled him into a dreamless sleep from which he did not awake till morning was somewhat advanced. Somebody had evidently visited him while he slept, for there was a tin plate of bread and cold meat and a small jug of coffee, also cold. The pain had almost gone away from his wounded head, and feeling hungry he made short work of the food. Then he went over to what appeared to be a window, for streaks of sunlight shone through the boards, which were nailed across it. He peered through the biggest crack and caught a view of a narrow patch of ground covered with rocks and brush, ending apparently in a high bluff with a broad stretch of water, which he judged must be the Atlantic Ocean, beyond. It was clear that he had been carried some distance down the New Jersey coast. This building was doubtless in a lonesome and unfrequented spot, and was the hiding-place of the kidnappers. Tom could see the interior of the room very well now. It was dirty and dusty. The blackened plaster had fallen out of the walls in several places, and from one corner of the ceiling. The debris lay about just as it had crumbled away. The mattress he had been lying on was an old straw one. Tom tried the door, not expecting to find it otherwise than locked. It was locked and possibly bolted as well. He listened with his ear against the keyhole, but no sound reached him.

"I wonder what the rascals are thinking of doing with me?" he asked himself, returning to the window.

It looked so pleasant outside that the boy wished more of the sunlight came into the room. He tried the pieces of wood to see if he could wrench one of them off, but found that impossible to accomplish, with only his fingers to work with. They had been well nailed, doubtless, after he had been brought there, to prevent any attempt on his part of making his escape that way.

"I guess I'm a fixture here till they take me out," he soliloquized. "I can't accomplish the impossible."

Still he was a boy who was ever on the alert for a chance to do something.

"It is long after eight now and I'm missed from the office. As for my mother and sisters, they are doubtless satisfied by this time that I am in trouble again, and that the kidnappers are at the bottom of it. The police have probably been notified to look for me, but that's all the good it will do. As long as this retreat of the rascals is un inspected I'm safe enough to remain here at their disposition. I wonder—"

A sound at the door interrupted his musings. It was opened and Dickson stood there in his countrified get-up. Tom recognized him only as the alleged Johnson.

"Come here, young man," said the kidnapper. Tom walked over.

"You remember me, I suppose?" said the rascal.

"I'm not likely to forget the trap you decoyed me into by your fake message to our office."

"And which you got out of in some way that shows how clever you are. That was the second time you wriggled out of your rope fastenings. You ought to go on the vaudeville stage and give an exhibition of your methods. We haven't taken the trouble to tie you this time. There are half a dozen of us here, and if we can't prevent

you making your escape we'll vote you a modern Jack Sheppard and let you alone in the future."

"Much obliged for the compliment, if you call it one, but I'm not a crook like Sheppard was. That term will better apply to you and your crowd," said Tom.

"If you'd like to join us, like your friend Flynn—"

"My friend, Flynn! Cut that out. You know he's no friend of mine."

"Well, join us and that will give you a chance to get square with him. We won't stop you giving him all that's coming to him. We don't fancy him, while we rather admire you in a way, though we're sore on you."

"If you have any idea that you can persuade me to join your gang you're way off in your calculations. I wouldn't do it under any circumstances. I'm your prisoner, and I expect to take my chances with you. I don't see what good it is going to do you to hold me, except the mere satisfaction of getting back at me. I can stand that. I won't lose my job even if I'm away from it for some time, though, of course, I'll lose my pay. In the meantime, the police, who are looking for you, may nab you and release me."

"No fear of the police nabbing us. Nobody knows we are here. We are provisioned for a month or two, and prepared for any emergency," replied Dickson.

"Do you intend to keep me here right along?" asked Tom, anxious to learn the intentions of the gang toward him.

"We haven't decided yet what disposition to make of you. There is plenty of time for that. We are working to catch that girl again. You'd better stand in with us and share in the divvy if we're successful."

"No, sir. I got her away from you and I'm not going to help you undo my work. I guess she'll be well guarded against any further attempt."

"I suppose her father paid you liberally for what you did?"

"He offered me \$10,000, but I turned it down."

"You turned \$10,000 down!" cried the kidnapper. "Come, now, don't give me that bluff."

"It's no bluff."

"Did you want more?"

"No. I didn't want anything for saving her."

"That'll do. You don't expect me to believe such rot as that."

"I don't care whether you believe it or not, it's a fact."

"Do you mean to say that a boy like you, who is working for a living as a messenger, would turn any decent reward down? I should say not. You can't string me with any such story. You've been paid, and well paid, too."

"If I have, I don't know it," and Tom told the truth there.

"Well, I have a plan by which you can secure your freedom."

"What is it?" asked Tom, curiously.

"We'll let you write a letter to Mr. Baldwin, telling him that you have been captured by the kidnappers, who propose to put you out of the way in revenge for saving his daughter. You can tell him that they have offered you a chance for your life. If he is willing to ransom you at the same figure that was demanded for his daughter

you will be released when the money is paid. Otherwise you will never be heard from again. If you'll write the letter I'll see that it's delivered, and we'll take the chances of the banker paying the money. If he has any gratitude I think he'll come to time."

"Oh, so this is your new game to filch Mr. Baldwin?" said Tom. "Well, I won't have a hand in it."

"You won't?" answered Dickson, with a look of disappointment.

"No. What do you take me for?"

"A fool!" cried the kidnapper angrily.

"I'd be a fool if I became your accomplice in the scheme."

"It's the only way you can save your life."

"Nonsense! You chaps know better than to murder me."

"We are determined to secure that \$50,000 if we can, and you've got to help us do it or else take the consequences. I'll write the letter myself, and then you'll have to sign it."

"If you can make me do that you're a good one."

"There are several ways of skinning a cat, as you'll find out if you remain obstinate," said the kidnapper, darkly, moving toward the door.

He passed out, locked it, and Tom was alone again.

CHAPTER XII.—Tom Makes a Curious Discovery.

The morning passed away and Tom was favored with no more visitors. He put in his time as best he could, walking around the room at intervals and sometimes trying to hear what was being said in the next room through the spot where a big square of plaster had fallen away. About one o'clock the door opened again and Patsy Flynn appeared, carrying a tray with the prisoner's dinner. He was accompanied by Mooney, whom Tom recognized, with a big club in his hand. Mooney remained at the door, while Flynn placed the tray on the stool.

"There's yer 'grub,'" said the red-headed ex-messenger. "It's too good for yer. If I was bossin' things yer'd only get bread and water."

He would have remained to tantalize Tom, but Mooney called him out, and he seemed to know better than disobey the man. Tom found his dinner fairly good. It was the same as the kidnappers had themselves. It struck the boy that they were trying to make friends with him, thinking he would ultimately yield to their wishes.

"If they are, they'll be disappointed," he muttered.

There was no doubt about that, for Tom was too square and honest a boy to ever have any dealings with a bunch of rascally kidnappers. After the meal, Tom enlarged with his jackknife the hole he had made in one of the boards covering the window so he could look out better. The sun was now at the back of the building and the house cast its shadow almost to the edge of the bluff, which was only a short distance away. He saw Patsy sitting out there, playing mumble-peg with his knife. Two of the kidnappers were on the bluff, talking. A third was on the roof of the house, keeping watch on the country around, but

Tom didn't know that. Two or three miles out on the sparkling ocean was a coast steamship making for New York.

A pilot-boat, with a big number on her mainsail, was heading for her. After a while Tom resumed his walk up and down the room. He went near the wall at one corner where the plaster had fallen away and he noticed that the boards were loose there. He got down on his knees and examined them. They were narrow and of various length, as carpenters lay flooring by patching a long board with a small piece to fit. Inserting the blade of his knife under the end of a short strip he easily pried it up. A black void was below. Tom struck a match and held it down the length of his arm. The light showed him that the place was a cellar.

"If I could get down there I might find a way to escape from the house," he thought.

The next board was a long one, and though loose at that end, Tom found that he would have a lot of trouble detaching it. He tried the third board, but that was tight.

Then he tried the boards on the other side of the opening without better result. A saw would have opened the way for him in a few minutes, but that was a tool he did not possess. He replaced the single board he had removed and sat down to figure out how he would get into the cellar. He examined the baseboard for a couple of yards and then made a discovery. The baseboard had been patched in the middle of the back wall, and here, there were signs that a door or some other opening had once existed but had been filled in and plastered over. Tom began digging away at the plaster, and it came away in chunks. He soon discovered there was a large hole, covered over an inch apart with laths for holding the plaster. It would not be a difficult matter to remove enough of the plaster and laths to afford an entrance into the hole, but the question was, would it pay?

Besides, any visitor he might have would notice what he was up to and put a stop to his investigations. It is true he could wait till night, but then things would be so quiet that the noise he was bound to make, detaching the laths, was likely to be heard by the kidnappers, who would pay him a visit to see what he was up to. Tom enlarged the break and kicked in a couple of the laths.

Then he inserted his arm and felt around. The hole appeared to be quite large, for he couldn't feel anything. He lighted another match, put his arm in again and examined the interior by the glare. The place seemed to be a large closet. Hearing somebody at the door, he jumped up and went to the window. Dickson walked in, accompanied by Mooney, who remained at the door.

"I've brought that letter for you to sign," said the chief of the kidnappers, holding up a sheet of paper. "Read it over and I will hand you my stylographic pen so that you can affix your John Hancock. After that you will be given Letter quarters and you will find your situation much improved."

Tom took the letter and read it. Banker Baldwin was politely informed that Messenger 21 was in the hands of the kidnappers who had abducted his daughter and held her until she made her escape through the agency of said messenger. Having lost their original hold on the banker they had

decided to get square with Messenger 21, and after one miss, held him in their power. They were willing to forego their vengeance if the banker was willing to pay the sum of \$50,000 for his life.

Believing he might be willing to do this out of gratitude to the boy, they herewith offered him the chance.

A communication in the personal column of a certain newspaper would be seen by the parties interested. If favorable, Messenger 21 would be treated well and released after payment of the money. If unfavorable, then Messenger 21 would never be seen any more in his customary haunts. As an evidence that they meant business, the boy's signature was attached.

"So you want me to sign that?" said Tom.

"I would advise you to," replied Dickson suavely.

"Well, I won't!"

"You're foolish. You've put yourself in this hole by doing Mr. Baldwin a great favor. It is up to him to get you out. He can easily afford \$50,000. It is a mere fleabite to him. If we get the money you'll be set free and we will bother you no more."

"And suppose he refuses?"

"We won't discuss that. I don't believe he will refuse."

"Give me a day or two to think it over."

"What for?"

"Because I won't sign it now."

Dickson looked at him for a moment or two in an undecided way.

"I'll give you till the morning to think it over," he said.

"All right. Maybe I'll make up my mind by that time," replied Tom.

"You'd better if you want to make the best of your situation."

With those words, the two men left the room. Tom waited a while and then returned to the hole he had opened up in the wall. He enlarged it a bit and then took another look inside. It seemed to be, what he believed it was, a large closet in the wall.

As far as he could see, it had no outlet into another room, and he wondered if it was worth while for him to pursue his investigations any further in that direction. He decided not to do anything more until after his supper had been brought to him, when he hoped he wouldn't be disturbed again during the night. He hid the hole with a part of a newspaper and went over to the window. Neither Flynn nor the two men were now in sight. The steamer and pilot-boat had long since vanished. In the distance a full-rigged ship, with all her sails spread, was heading to the southeast. There was nothing else on the surface of the ocean within range of vision. The sun was pretty well down, and the house threw a long shadow that extended beyond the edge of the bluff. Tom guessed that Billy Gates and the other messengers of his office had spread the news of his disappearance around Wall Street, and he had no doubt that they were all talking about it and wondering what had become of him. His prominence as the boss of the Wall Street messengers made him an object of great interest to the fraternity, and his importance had been much enhanced.

by the reputation he had made by saving Banker Baldwin's daughter. When dusk settled over the landscape, Tom lay down on the mattress, because he had nothing better to do. While thinking over various ideas, looking toward his escape, he fell asleep and did not awake till a light was flashed in his eyes. He sat up and saw Flynn looking down at him, with a lamp in his hands.

"I've brought your supper. Yer kin have the lamp till yer finish. I'll be back after it in a short time, so get busy with yer grinders."

Patsy put the lamp down beside the stool and left the room. In half an hour he came back with his usual bodyguard.

"Don't yer wish yer were back in New York?" he grinned, maliciously. "Maybe yer'll never get back. If I had the say I'll bet yer wouldn't."

He picked up the lamp and the tray, and retired. Tom waited a while and then recommenced work on the hole. In the course of an hour the opening was big enough for him to creep inside. He struck a match and looked around. There was nothing to see but the four sides of the place. He felt of the back wall, but it was as solid as a brick wall. He felt one end and that appeared to be solid, too. As he moved one hand along toward the other end, his fingers rested on a small, metallic slab. It yielded under his pressure, with a click, and that end of the closet disappeared, as if by magic. The flash of another match showed him an opening with a flight of narrow stairs leading downward.

"They'll take me to the cellar," he thought.

He passed through the opening and started down. As he did so the secret door shut with a click. When he reached the bottom of the short flight he found no sign of a door there. He hunted for one in vain.

That there must be one he felt sure. Apparently it was a secret door, like the other. He couldn't find any piece of metal in the wall to press upon. He finally had to give it up and returned to the top of the steps. When he tried to open the secret door from that side he found he was just as badly stuck, for he couldn't find the spring that operated it. He then woke up to the rather startling fact that he was a prisoner between the two walls, with no way of getting out.

CHAPTER XIII.—Tom Gives His Enemies The Slip.

"This is a nice fix I've placed myself in," he said. "What am I going to do?"

After considering his position awhile in the dark, he descended the steps again and made another hunt for the secret door that he reasoned ought to be there. His supply of matches was getting low. The few he had left he regarded as too precious to be wasted. Groping around the confined space, he suddenly felt a draft of cold air strike his face. Putting out his hand he discovered that there was now an opening ahead of him. It was not there a moment or so before, and he had not knowledge of having touched any spring. Its unexpected appearance seemed almost uncanny to him. He struck a match and saw that

a continuation of the passage lay before him. It did not run into the cellar, but out beyond the building. Tom hesitated to follow it, for the door might close after him and he would be more of a prisoner than ever.

To prevent that he removed his shoes and placed them in such a position that he hoped would stop the door from shutting tight if it closed of its own accord, like the one at the head of the stairs. Then he followed the passage, which bore a strong resemblance to a tunnel under the ground. It ran about thirty yards, and then widened out into a sort of room. Here he felt a perceptible current of air and was sure there must be an opening leading into the outer atmosphere. Much encouraged, he started forward again and presently fell over a small obstruction.

He struck one of his last matches and found that it was an oblong cedar wood box, with silver clasps. It was fairly weighty for its size, and looked as if its contents might be of some value. He shoved the end of it into his pocket, and then saw before him a mass of bushes that he guessed blocked up the opening through which the slight breeze came. Parting the twigs and leaves he stuck his head through and saw the starlit sky above his head and a dark, level plain ahead that he had no doubt was the ocean. He was tickled to death at the sight.

"Here's freedom for fair!" he said. "I'll go back and get my shoes."

He returned through the tunnel and found that the secret door had closed in spite of his shoes, which had not been placed in the right position to catch it. Tom didn't care now. He wasn't going back that way. In a few moments he was back at the opening again. With some caution he pushed his way through the bushes. Suddenly the whole bunch gave away under his weight and he pitched forward into space. He uttered a startled cry, but he didn't fall far, not over a dozen feet. Still, that was far enough to break his neck, had he landed on his head. He fetched up in the soft sand of the seashore with a thump that parred him considerably. It was some moments before he picked himself up, and was satisfied he was not hurt.

"Well, I'm out of the house, thank goodness, and my escape may not be discovered before morning. By that time I hope to be back safe in New York if I can connect with a trolley line or a railroad train that will take me to Jersey City," he said.

He started up the beach and soon came to a place where he could reach the top of the bluff. The moon was just rising, and its light showed him the kidnappers' retreat a short distance away. There wasn't a light to be seen in it. So far as appearances went, the house looked to be deserted. Tom struck across a barren stretch of ground, with never a house in sight. Half an hour's tramp brought him to a road.

"This is bound to take me somewhere," he thought.

He followed it at a rapid gait, and after awhile ran across a small house, backed by fields under cultivation. There was a light in a side window and Tom rapped at the front door. A man opened it and looked at him inquiringly.

"Can you direct me to the nearest town?"
"Have you lost yer way? Where's yer rig?"
"Haven't got any."
"Do you mean to say you're walking?"
"That's what I'm doing."
"Where did you come from?"

"From a house a few miles in that direction," and Tom waved his hand.

The man looked puzzled.

"There are no houses in that direction for seven or eight miles, except the old Shipley place, which is deserted. The store lies along there. The nearest place in that direction is the Plover Farm, owned by Jacob Forrest. Did you come from there?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you've got mixed up. But who are you, anyway? You look like one of them telegraph boys I've seen in Jersey City."

"I'm a New York messenger. How about the nearest town?"

"Findlay is six miles from here. This road will take you right there."

"Thanks. That's all I want to know. Good night," and Tom started off with his customary briskness.

"Hold on! Want anything to eat?" asked the man.

"No. I've had my supper. By the way, what time is it?"

"Half-past nine, nearly."

"Much obliged," and Tom proceeded.

It was quarter of eleven when he struck the main street of Findlay and walked into a small hotel, where his messenger uniform attracted attention. He asked for the proprietor, and found him playing billiards with an acquaintance.

"Got a telephone in your house?" Tom asked.
"Yes."

"I want to call up the police department of Jersey City."

"What for?" asked the man in surprise.

"I want detectives sent down here to catch a gang of crooks."

"Are the crooks in this village?"

"No. They're some miles from here, in hiding. Is there a trolley line or railroad near here?"

"Why, don't you know this place is on the Long Branch road?"

"No. I just came from the shore yonder. I don't know anything about this locality."

The hotel man stared at him.

"Long Branch is only three miles north," he said.

"Is that so? Well, can I use your telephone?"
"Who's to pay the charge?"

"The New Jersey police will have to."

"But I'll be charged for the long distance rate until the matter is settled."

"Well, I can't pay you, and the matter is very important. If you won't let me communicate with the police, and those crooks escape, as they surely will in the morning, you'll hear from it."

After some hesitation the man allowed him to call up the Jersey City police. What Tom said over the wires caused unwonted activity at headquarters, and the boy was told to remain at the

hotel till a touring auto arrived with a bunch of detectives. Payment of the telephone toll was guaranteed the hotel man and he was satisfied. He consented to keep his house open pending the arrival of the detectives—a matter of perhaps three hours or more, according to circumstances. During the wait, Tom entertained the hotel man with the story of his adventure, and that individual expressed considerable astonishment thereat. He prepared a midnight supper for Tom, and then they adjourned to the porch to wait the arrival of the officers.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

A big automobile loaded with half a dozen detective officers, rolled up to the little hotel in Findlay at half-past three o'clock, and Tom came to meet them.

After a short talk with the boy, the chief officer told him to squeeze into the machine and show them the way to the kidnappers' hiding-place—the old mansion known as the Shipley place. Tom piloted them to the point on the road where he had connected with it.

"The house is two or three miles over yonder," he said, pointing across the uncultivated fields.

Two miles further on they came to a farmhouse. It was Jacob Forrest's Plover Farm. The auto halted and the chief officer, dismounting, walked up the lane to the house and aroused the farmer. Stating who he was, the officer asked how this party could reach the Shipley mansion by road.

"That building has been deserted these twenty years," said Forrest.

"No matter about that, I want to know how we can get there in our auto?"

"Well, you can get there all right by taking the road that branches off to the shore and runs down to Asbury Park. It joins this road half a mile from here."

"All right. That's all I want to know. Good night."

The party continued till they reached the place where the road separated in a fork, and the auto took the one to the left.

In a short time a big house loomed up ahead.

"Is that the place?" asked the officer.

"Looks like it," replied Tom.

"Stop, Mike. We'll get down here. Those chaps probably keep a watch at night as well as in the daytime, to prevent being surprised. After we are out of sight you can work up closer to the place and stop under some tree."

Five officers and Tom advanced toward the building. One of them carried a sledge-hammer. An officer was posted in front, another on the side opposite the ocean, while the others, with Tom, walked up to the back door. A blow from the heavy hammer demolished the lock, but it was found that the door was barricaded inside, and it took several smashes to clear the way. The first blow aroused the kidnappers to their peril. They rushed to the kitchen and put up a desperate fight to prevent the entrance of the officers, one of whom was wounded by a bullet. When the officers forced the door and got in, the kidnappers re-

treated into the next room, locking the door between.

One blow demolished it and then the rascals were seen trying to escape by the side windows, where they were being headed off by the officer outside. Tom nabbed a figure that was sneaking across the hall and found that he had hold of Patsy Flynn.

"Surrender, Patsy! Your name is mud!" said Tom gripping him tightly.

Flynn struggled to get away, but Tom thumped him into submission and dragged him back into the room, where two officers were handcuffing two prisoners. The others were outside after the rest of the kidnappers. In a few minutes the whole bunch was rounded up and secured. There were five of them, not counting Flynn. They were marched down to the auto, put into the machine, and, with the officers walking behind, the whole party proceeded slowly to Farmer Forrest's place.

It was nearly six o'clock and the farmer and his people were stirring about the farm. The chief officer got him to harness a pair of horses to his big wagon and the kidnappers were put in it with two of the detectives. The farmer's son went along to drive and bring the team back. The auto followed behind the wagon. They reached Findlay in time to connect with the first train north. The train, after stopping at Long Branch, turned off toward Red Bank. From Red Bank they proceeded to Jersey City, via South Amboy and Elizabeth. The auto was brought back by Mike, the chauffeur, by way of the road from Findlay. The prisoners were duly locked in jail and Tom made the charge against them. A separate charge was entered against Flynn, covering his part in the South street building, and he was held, pending his transfer to the Tombs in New York. Tom sent a telegraph dispatch to his mother, telling her he was all right, and then phoned his office, briefly explaining matters to Cartwright, the operator.

As the prisoners were to be arraigned before a magistrate that morning, Tom remained in Jersey City to appear against them.

While waiting, he remembered the box he had found in the underground exit from the Shipley mansion, and which he had since carried stuck in one of his side pockets. He now proceeded to examine it with some attention. It was, as we have said, made of cedar wood, and had silver clasps.

These clasps had turned almost black under the exposure to the sea air, and showed that the box had been a good while in the small, cave-like entrance screened by the thick growth of bushes.

The cover fitted close and was held by a small lock. Tom wondered what was in it, but as he couldn't open it he had to defer an examination of its contents until he could get a locksmith to open it for him. The magistrate held all the prisoners on Tom's testimony that they were the men who had abducted Bunker Baldwin's daughter. He could not identify the man who had knocked him out on the street, but his own experience was not at present regarded as a particular factor against the rascals.

After the prisoners were sent back to their cells, Tom went to a restaurant and got his dinner. Then he returned to his office and handed in the slip connected with the errand which had

taken him to Jersey City. He asked to be excused for the rest of the day, and went straight home to see his anxious mother. During the afternoon he took the cedar wood box to a locksmith and got it fitted with a small key. The box contained a small collection of diamonds and other valuable gems, the ownership of which was never cleared up, and so they became Tom's property.

A jewelry expert valued them at \$30,000.

That evening Tom called at Bunker Baldwin's house and told the banker and his family of his experiences with the kidnappers.

"They are now all in jail at Jersey City, so there is nothing to prevent you from proceeding against them for the abduction of your daughter," said Tom to the banker.

"I will certainly prosecute them to the extent of the law," he replied.

And he did. They were convicted, and all the men got fifteen years each. Patsy Flynn was tried in New York and got his in the shape of three years at the Elmira Reformatory. The newspapers all gave Tom credit for the capture of the kidnappers, and his reputation in Wall Street grew bigger than ever. Bunker Baldwin paid him the \$5,000 standing reward he had offered for the capture of the rascals, and gave him the position of messenger in his bank. At the end of a year he was promoted to a better position, and from that time his advancement was rapid. Today he is cashier in the bank and engaged to be married to Edna Baldwin.

Some of the diamonds that came to him in the cedar box are already in his future wife's possession, and she will get the rest on their wedding day.

Although he quit speculating in the market with the closing of his second deal, out of which he cleared \$600, he is worth about \$40,000, made by investing his \$15,000 in various real estate deals, and the prospects are he will soon be worth much more through similar operations in which he is interested.

And so having proved himself to be as smart as they come, we will now close the story of the boy who once was the boss of the Wall Street messengers.

Next week's issue will contain "A PIRATE'S TREASURE; OR, THE SECRET OF THE THREE WRECKS."

CHINESE BALK AT DIAL PHONES

Oriental temperament and superstition presented a problem for officers of the telephone company in San Francisco when they attempted to modernize Chinatown by installing dial phones. Heretofore American operators had covered this exchange, but the implacable Chinese balked at American operators because they could not understand their machine-gun barrage of words. Replacing them with Chinese operators was not satisfactory. The phone users refused to call their friends by number. Their form of argument was logical:

"Why should I say 'Give me 8524' when I want to speak to Ho Sing? Why not say 'Me speak Ho Sing, please'?"

To the Chinese the mysterious dial with its numbers looked too much like a spying trap. How were they to know whether others would be listen-

ing in, connected by some ingenious device of the white man? They preferred their own operators, who could be properly handled. So officialdom bowed to Chinatown and Ho Sing and Chang Tau can converse on whatever topics they please. Perhaps the stolid Chinese isn't quite so simple as we sometimes imagine him to be.

LAST STAND OF CITY'S GOATS IS MADE ON STATEN ISLAND

When a goat was needed to give realism to the representation of the taking of Fleville, at the Governor Island garden party recently, the officers in charge turned to Staten Island. In doing so they were well advised, for the Borough of Richmond is one of the few remaining places within the City of New York where they could be sure of finding one.

Brooklyn seems to have been the leading goat borough for some time, despite the wider fame of Harlem, but it is not easy to find goats in Brooklyn today.

Staten Island records covering the last three years, however, show that 130 persons are licensed to keep goats, and any trip through the interior reveals that most of them are doing so.

In the Italian colony at Rosebank a goat tethered in a back yard is almost as common a sight as a grape arbor. The salt marshes near the Goethals Bridge serve as pastures for the goats of the district behind Mariner's Harbor. Other goats graze beside Lambert's Lane and still others on lonely roads in the Chelsea district.

Governor Smith, speaking at the opening of the new bridge across the Arthur Kill, recalled that the first time he visited the island, "there were four goats to every human being." It is not many years since the Rapid Transit lines knew, when the train stopped suddenly between stations, that the motorman had had to get out and drive some goats off.

A little earlier, the animals even invaded business streets. There is record of one that tried to eat a Christmas tree in front of a store on Bay Street, Clifton. A clerk ran out and yelled at it, and the goat, refusing to drop the tree, fled, sweeping the sidewalk with its burden. It bowled over an elderly man, a boy with a cart and a young woman hampered by the clothing of the era, and created an excitement that spread its fame in the newspapers.

No such conditions exist now. The goats are vanishing, rigidly regulated by the Board of Health and frowned on by real estate men, who are cutting up old farms into additions with fancy names. They are giving way on all sides before the influx of traffic and population which the bridges are bringing; but they are not all gone yet, by any means.

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SHORT-STOP SAM

or

The Boss of the Baseball Boys

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued)

Already two balls were being batted around the field, and as our hero came out of the dressing-room he saw a high fly heading straight for a carriage that had halted just outside the enclosure, while the gentleman in charge of it was paying the admission fee.

Short-stop Sam did not look to see who the occupants of the turnout were. He only noticed that there were ladies in it, and the ball, according to his judgment, was going to land right in the vehicle.

He made a run for it, dropping the bat he had in his hand when he came out, hoping to be in time to head off the ball.

"Look out!" some one shouted to the driver; "the ball!"

Then it was that the gentleman and two ladies in the carriage saw the descending sphere.

There was a rush of feet, a uniformed figure appeared before them, and then—

The ball was caught in the left hand of Short-stop Sam just in time to prevent it from landing upon the hat of the elder of the two ladies.

"Thank you, Sam," said the gentleman in the carriage.

Our hero gave a start.

It was Mr. Bagley, the mill owner, as sure as he was alive.

But that was not all! In the stylish vehicle with him were his wife and daughter Lena.

"I—I thought it might strike some one in the carriage, so I ran and made a try for it," answered Sam. "I am very glad that I caught the ball."

"Oh, mamma!" cried the girl, "it is Short-stop Sam! The same young gentleman that saved me last week from the terrible fall!"

Sam blushed to the roots of his hair as the pretty girl reached out and took him by the arm with her dainty gloved hand.

"It is the same boy, sure enough," spoke up her father, as our hero turned and threw the ball to one of the players. "He is a gentleman, every inch of him, and he knows how to play ball, too. But we must not detain him. See? The rest of the players are waiting for him."

The Peerless boys certainly had stopped their practice. They were looking toward the carriage in a sort of mute admiration.

"You will please excuse me," said Sam, tipping his cap.

"Certainly, Sam," exclaimed the mill owner. "You have our thanks. I happen to know the sort of boy you are, so there is no need of saying any more just now."

"It was nothing. I assure you," retorted Sam.

and then waving his hand politely, he hastened over to the diamond.

The carriage moved around to a place where several other turnouts had gathered, and Sam went at the grounders that were now being batted out for his special benefit with a vim.

The work of the boy in that practice was really faultless. It seemed that he had a streak of good luck upon him, for no matter what chance he took at getting the ball he always laid hold of it.

His throwing, too, was superb, and cheer after cheer went up at his lightning-like plays.

But the visiting team soon arrived, and after they had donned their natty gray uniforms they got the field for practice.

The college boys were a likely-looking lot. They showed great speed, too, and the impression they made upon the rapidly gathering crowd was a good one.

At length the practice was all over. The bell rang, the umpire stepped out and the players took their positions.

The toss had been won by the visitors, so they took the field.

The pitcher was a stocky built, athletic fellow, and was easily twenty years of age.

He was a "southpaw," or left-handed pitcher, more properly speaking.

Jack Cuny and Len Marks came upon the grandstand along with a half dozen members of the swell club just as the game was starting.

"Marks has got a nerve to put in an appearance, I think," observed Pete Perkins to our hero, as they stood near the players' bench.

"So has Jack Cuny, I think," was the reply. "But I am satisfied that there is no such thing as honor in either of them. I wonder how they liked the article in the Gazette?"

"I'll bet they squirmed when they read it."

"Reardon at the bat!" called out the scorer, and that stopped the conversation between our hero and the third baseman.

"Line her out, Dan!" called out Harry Bates, as her started down the line toward first base to coach.

The southpaw proved to be a tricky pitcher, and Reardon could not even hit the ball, much less line it out.

"Three strikes—out!" bawled the loud-voiced umpire.

Tom McGuire was the next to toe the scratch.

At the very first ball pitched he batted a high foul which was nabbed by the Rutcliffe third baseman after a long run.

It was a good catch, and the player was roundly applauded from the grandstand.

That made two out.

"O'Donnell to the bat!"

As the stalwart rightfielder of the Peerless nine picked up his favorite bat our hero exclaimed in an undertone:

"Do something, Jim. We want at least one run for the first inning, you know."

O'Donnell nodded.

He batted left-handed, so the southpaw was not likely to bother him a great deal.

"Strike one!" called out the umpire, as the batter struck at the first ball pitched and missed.

"Ball one!"

"Foul—strike. Two and one!"

The next was a ball, and so was the one that followed.

That made it two strikes and three balls.

The crowd waited breathlessly as it looked as it looked as though O'Donnell had a good show to get to first.

"Four balls! Take your base!"

"Walking is better than not getting there at all, Jim!" said Short-stop Sam, with a laugh.

"Walters at the bat!" sang out the umpire.

As Sam stepped up a rousing cheer went up from grandstand and the bleachers.

"Jest watch Short-stop Sam fetch in a run now!" screamed the small boy who had made himself heard so much the Saturday before. "He's der stuff! Nothin' short of a two-bagger will suit him!"

Sam stepped up, resolved to do just as the small boy said.

He gripped his bat firmly and waited.

The first was a ball.

Then came an inshoot right over the plate.

Whack! The bat hit the ball and a long foul went out.

The leftfielder could get nowhere near it, so that made it two strikes.

"Hit der next one right in der snoot, Sam!" shouted the small boy. "Git it out between der short-stop an' centerfield. Dat's der place fur it!"

A rather high one came, but it just suited Sam, and he let go at it. Right in the identical spot the boy had mentioned it went.

CHAPTER XII.—The Beginning of a Great Game.

Jim O'Donnell was playing well off first when Sam hit the ball.

He started off like a shot. There were two out and Short-stop Sam had hit the ball. That was enough for Jim.

Around the bases he went like an antelope, our hero following him like the wind.

It was a long drive, and the ball never stopped rolling till it hit the fence at the rear end of the enclosure.

O'Donnell came in and Sam reached third on the hit.

Then the cheering was great from the enthusiastic spectators.

It seemed as though they had all gone crazy for a minute or two.

The first run for the home team is bound to create excitement in any place.

The Sharpton people understood and enjoyed good baseball.

They knew how to applaud, too.

"We got the run I wanted, anyhow," said our hero to Lon Seaver, who was coaching at third. "I guess that's all we'll get this inning, but it is a starter, and there is nothing like having a starter, you know."

"That's right, Sam," was the reply. "Here comes Timlin. He's a mighty good pitcher, but not much at the stick."

The Rutcliffe pitcher settled down to business now. He struck his opponent out in short order, and Short-stop Sam was left on third.

But they had got one run, and that was very gratifying.

"The pitcher struck me out, all right," said Timlin, as he walked to the box at the side of Sam. "But just wait! If I don't treat him in the same way I'll just eat up my cap, lining and all. I haven't had an awful lot of practice this week, but I feel in trim for pitching the game of my life."

"All right, Frank. Take your time and do your best."

Captain Harry Bates had his men well in hand, and they walked to their positions without having to receive any instructions.

The order of the visitors was: Cahill, catcher; Morris, pitcher; Everson, short-stop; Knott, first base; Rover, second base; Haverhill, third base; Cline, leftfield; Burton, centerfield; Keachum, rightfield.

The catcher went to the bat in a really confident manner.

Confidence is one of the essentials in ball playing, but quite often it is misplaced.

Timlin had great control of the ball, and he sent in a vicious inshoot that cut the plate.

The batter did not strike at it.

"That's one on me," he said, with a laugh, as the umpire called a strike.

When he saw the next one coming it looked to him to be the very same kind of a ball.

He let go at it with all his might.

But it proved to be one of the quick outshoots Timlin was famous for, so Cahill missed it by a foot.

"Strike two!"

Fred Jones signaled for another outcurve, but Frank shook his head. He wanted to send in a straight one this time.

He did send in one, and there was where he made a mistake.

Cahill hit it out to rightfield for a neat single and was soon hugging first bag.

There was a bright opportunity for the visitors to score in the first inning.

Everson was the next man at the bat. He was a very good one with the willow, and he was a good waiter, for he got two balls on Frank before making a crack at the ball.

Then one that was a little high sailed for the plate.

Crack! With a report like that of a pistol the bat hit the sphere and away it sailed just over the head of Bates.

The batter reached first and Cahill was advanced to second on the hit.

Knot stepped up next and drove out a stiff grounder to right garden, and the bases were filled.

The rooters for the home team were strangely silent now.

But the members of the Sharpton Athletic Club on the grandstand led the cheering for the college boys, and there was plenty of it, too.

Rover, Rutcliffe's second baseman, stepped up to the plate next.

He was considered the heaviest batter on the team, and his colleagues gave him a great send-off.

Short-stop Sam, like the rest of the nine, was getting just the least bit uneasy now.

(To be continued)

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1928.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

JERSEY CITY POLICE PROHIBIT DELIVERY OF ICE ON SUNDAY

Jersey City police were ordered recently by Chief Richard T. Battersby to prohibit the delivery of ice Sunday. No reason for the order was given.

Enforcement of the order will mean that excursion boats, several milk companies, and food concerns of the city will be deprived of their Sunday supply of ice.

The Jersey "blue" laws permit the delivery of food on Sunday, but makes no mention of ice.

\$13,000 RINGS, LOST IN WASTE, RECOVERED FROM INCINERATOR.

Incinerator ashes today yielded four diamond rings and brought to a happy ending an odd trick which fate played on Mrs. William Van Dyke Smith, a resident at the President Hotel.

She wrapped the rings in tissue paper yesterday afternoon, intending to store them away. In a moment of absent-mindedness, however, she picked them off her dresser like so many wads of paper and tossed them into the waste basket. Not until long after waste had been sent to the incinerator did she discover her mistake. A frantic search of the ashes was begun.

Finally all four rings were returned to the owner, who valued them at \$13,000.

SEA TRAVEL TO MANY IS A MERE INCIDENT.

Many transatlantic travelers do not take the experience of crossing the sea as seriously as they once took it, steamship operators report. Rather than considering it an event, they take it as an incident, the date of which is often undetermined until the last moment and the ship selected on impulse.

Two clerks in a shipping company office were recently checking up the passenger list when one called out the name of a prominent young couple whose marriage had attracted much attention a few days previously.

"Cross them off," said the clerk. "They changed their minds and went with some other line."

It was explained that the young couple, both of whom are wealthy, were undecided regarding their sailing plans and had selected suites on two ships, paying for both and canceling one just before the ship sailed. The fact that this had cost them several hundred dollars apparently meant little so long as they were sure of their rooms.

Passengers are not always sure that they can sail and sometimes go to the piers when they finally decide, hoping they can find a room through cancellation of a reservation. This has resulted in many disappointed persons being obliged to cancel a trip or lose several days awaiting accommodations on later ships.

With the addition of the better type of ship in the South American and intercoastal service, the crowds of passengers for those voyages are much larger.

CANADA NOW MARKS THE SITES OF FAMOUS HISTORICAL EVENTS

Many of the important historic sites in Canada have been rebuilt where the ruins of buildings and sites have permitted, but there are still many which have no visible means of identification but are of sufficient importance to warrant recognition and identification. The Department of the Interior has been engaged in the work of marking such spots during the past few years and so far 118 have been marked by the erection of suitable memorials. Each year at the meeting of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board the suggestions of the members are reviewed and a number of sites are recommended for marking.

In 1927 tablets were placed on twenty-five sites and one of the most picturesque ceremonies in this connection was the unveiling of the cairn and tablet at Blackfoot Crossing, near where the Cluny-Milo section of the Alberta Provincial Highway crosses the Bow River. This memorial commemorates the signing on September 22, 1877, near this point, of Treaty 7, by which the wide plains were thrown open to the white man and peace and security were assured the Indians.

The unveiling took place on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing, the principals in which were David Laird and Lieut. Col. James F. McLeod, representing the Crown, and the famous Indian leader, Chief Crowfoot, and other chiefs and councilors for the Blackfoot, Blood, Peigan, Stony, Sarcee and other tribes. The red men relinquished their claim to 50,000 square miles of fertile prairie in Southwestern Alberta. The memorial is placed near the grave of Chief Crowfoot.

Indian treaties signed in each of the other Prairie Provinces—Manitoba and Saskatchewan—are also to be commemorated. Treaty 1 was signed at Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba, on August 3, 1871, and Treaty 6 at Fort Carlton, Saskatchewan, between August 23 and 24, 1876, and at Fort Pitt on September 9, 1876.

The 1928 meeting of the board was held recently in Ottawa. One hundred and ten sites were reviewed and a number were selected to be marked as of national importance. Brig. Gen. E. A. Galt, who is a recognized authority on the military history of Canada and is Chairman of the board, presided at the meeting.

Old Pendleton's Money

By Alexander Armstrong.

Hugh Pendleton, of "Pendleton Hall," as the fine old residence, surrounded by the vast estates, which were the ancestral possession of the Pendletons, was called, had just entered the library that clear, cold winter's morning, when James Senior, his secretary, handed him a letter, saying:

"The postman just delivered the mail, sir, and this is the only letter."

"Hum! That's strange. I expected another. I thought they would both jump at the chance I've offered 'em."

"Umph! One of the boys will arrive to-day," continued Hugh Pendleton, when he had acquainted himself with the contents of the letter.

"One of the boys?" said the secretary, inquiringly.

"The fact is, Senior, I've made up my mind to leave my fortune to one of my nephews. You know there are two of them, Henry Hale and Ralph Dinsmore. I am the last one of the direct line of the Pendletons.

"You see I am getting rather advanced in years, and I've resolved that when I'm done with my wealth no one shall get it who will be likely to make 'ducks and drakes' of it. Now I have written to my two nephews, inviting them to make their home with me here at Pendleton Hall this winter, and attend the academy in the village. The boys are the sons of my two younger sisters, who did not marry well, as the world goes, that is to say their husbands have not prospered, and I believe both families are rather poor."

Hugh Pendleton had never married. His life had been a lonely one, and he had bent all his energies to heaping up riches, and his love of gold had grown with his years, until he had become very miserly. But he was not always thus.

"My idea is to find out the real characters of my two nephews before I make my will, and living in the same house with them this winter I think it will not be difficult to do that," the old man continued.

"Assuredly not," ventured Senior. "But certainly you will not allow the lads to suspect the motive you have in mind?"

"Of course—of course. They will only suppose that I mean to give them the advantage of a winter's schooling. Indeed, I have been guilty of a bit of deception, for I have already intimated to the lads' parents that I should leave the estate to my scapegrace brother Oscar. He was always a favorite of mine, despite his wild ways, as is generally known."

"But, sir, I beg your pardon, but I understood you to say that you were the last of the direct Pendleton line, and now it seems that the mothers of your two nephews and the brother you mention are direct heirs," said Senior.

"Both of the boys' mothers are deceased, and to let you into a little secret, Senior, my scapegrace brother Oscar is dead, too. He died in South America. But no one interested knows this. My worthy brother-in-laws, the fathers of Henry and Ralph, think Oscar is still living, and they are sure he is to be my heir."

"And suppose you find them equally good and deserving boys?"

"In that event, and I assure you such a condition would delight me beyond measure, I shall divide the estate equally between them. But it's possible neither will prove worthy, and so I'll cut them both out of my will."

Half an hour later the Pendleton family carriage drove up to the door, and the two lads, aged respectively nineteen and twenty, alighted and entered the house.

Old Hugh Pendleton met them at the door and greeted them both warmly.

"I did not expect you, Henry, as I received no reply to my letter. However, it is just as well that you came with Ralph," said old Hugh.

"Father wrote to say I was coming to-day. The letter must have been delayed. Ralph and I met by chance on the train; you know we live so far apart that we seldom see each other, and I did not know he was coming until he told me to-day. I am very glad of an opportunity to attend school this winter, uncle, and I thank you for your invitation," said Henry Hale in a frank, manly way.

"Speak a little louder, please, I'm a trifle hard of hearing," said old Hugh, placing his hand to his ear.

Henry repeated what he had said in a loud tone.

"Ah, now I hear you. It's all right; you are welcome, and you, too, Ralph."

"How good and kind you are, uncle; I am sure you are one of the best of men. Father says you are, and so generous and thoughtful. I hope I can show my gratitude. It shall be my constant study to deserve your kindness, and if I can be of any assistance to you I shall be delighted. Your eyes are not very good, father says, and you must let me read aloud to you. I shall always be willing to devote my time to you," said Ralph.

"Thank you," answered old Hugh, rather dryly.

From the first hour of their arrival at Pendleton Hall the boys believed that their rich old uncle was very deaf, and so thereafter they always spoke very loudly when they addressed him.

And from the very first, too, Henry felt that his Cousin Ralph regarded him with dislike and jealousy.

The two boys began to attend the village academy the next day, and from that time they went to the village regularly each day, while old Hugh quietly studied their characters.

One evening there was a party in the village and the two boys had been invited to attend. They were both very anxious to go, and they were talking over the matter at one end of the library, supposing that on account of his deafness the old gentleman could not hear.

"Well, I do hope the old curmudgeon yonder won't ask me to stay home and read his dry-as-dust old papers aloud to him to-night," said Ralph.

"You do not speak very respectfully of your benefactor. I think it's a shame to be so deceitful as you are, Ralph. You are all sugar to him before his face, but not behind his back."

Just then Senior entered the room, and the two boys arose to go out.

"Wait, Ralph, I have a lot of papers, and magazines picked out for you to read to me to-night. I suppose you won't object to remaining at home

this evening with me?" said old Hugh, with a curious look.

"Certainly not, uncle, certainly not. It is always a pleasure for me to be of any use to you. I really enjoy reading aloud to you."

That evening Henry went to the village and Ralph read to his uncle until he seemed to fall asleep.

Then Ralph rose arose, went to the writing-desk, and hastily wrote as follows:

"Dear Father—I am quite well, but awfully sick of it here. That old miser is a terrible bore, and if it wasn't that I wanted to get into his good graces and get him to take a fancy to me, in the hope that he will leave me his money, I should come home at once. The old miser don't suspect that I know Uncle Oscar is dead, and therefore it is reasonable to think he may leave his money to myself or Henry Hale. I am sure it was a lucky thing that friend of yours in South America let you know of Uncle Oscar's death. You were right in saying it was your opinion that old Hugh invited Henry and I here to find out which one of us was deserving to become his heir. I wish Henry was out of the way, and I may find a way to ruin him in his uncle's eyes yet."

"Your affectionate son, "Ralph."

"P. S.—Send me some money."

Having written this letter Ralph folded it, and without putting it into an envelope, indited another letter thus:

"Jack Burt:

"Dear Friend—I have been thinking over what we were talking about, and if it could really be done without anyone suspecting me I am willing. I think uncle keeps a large amount of money in the safe in his library all the time. Meet me Thursday at 'Becker's billiard rooms,' in the village.

"Yours,
"Ralph."

Just as Ralph finished writing this letter his uncle yawned and seemed to wake up.

"Why, I really think I must have fallen into a doze. Please go to the sideboard in the dining-room, Ralph, and bring the bottle of old port you will find there," he said.

"Yes, uncle," replied Ralph, and he arose and hastened from the room, while as he went out old Hugh crossed to the writing desk and read the two letters he had left there.

Ralph sent his letters, little thinking that his uncle had read them, and the next day he met Jack Burt at the billiard rooms.

Henry Hale was in the ante room of the billiard hall, for it was after school hours, and he had gone in to read the notice of a lecture in which he was interested, when he heard Ralph and Burt engaged in conversation just beyond the interior door, but the voices were low and confidential, and the accidental listener gathered from what he heard that Burt was a burglar, and that he meant to rob his uncle's safe that night, and more, that Ralph was to admit him to the house, when all the inmates had retired.

Henry met Ralph on the street soon after. The place was secluded, and in a few words he told

Ralph all he had overheard and appealed to him to forego his evil design.

"I promise as you wish. I swear that I'll have nothing to do with Burt's plot."

But that night Ralph did not retire. He had seen Burt, and the villain had persuaded him to forget his solemn promise. Henry did not go to bed that night either. He went to his room and procured a stout cudgel. Then, when silence reigned and all had retired, he crept to the library.

All was darkness there. But presently Henry heard the front outer door open. He turned to the hall, and saw Ralph admit Burt, who carried a dark-lantern and a bag of tools.

As they entered, Burt in the lead, Henry suddenly leaped at him and skillfully tripped him up while he shouted for help. Senior, the secretary, who slept in the adjoining room, came rushing into the apartment with a lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other. As Burt fell Ralph fled. The burglar sprang to his feet as Senior rushed into the apartment. Henry struck at him, but he dodged the blow and fled from the house.

From that time Henry was regarded as a hero by the entire household, but Ralph came to him secretly, and on his knees begged him not to betray him, and he seemed so contrite and repentant that Henry held his peace.

One day, some time subsequently to the occurrence of the incident just recorded, the old gentleman called Henry and Ralph into the library, and pointing to a stout iron box, he said:

"Since the attempt at robbery I have purchased that treasury box. It contains a large amount of gold, and I mean to conceal it where no robber will ever find it, since it seems my money is no longer secure in the safe."

One night Ralph was at the window of his room when he saw his old uncle stealing from the house with the treasure box in his hand.

Ralph watched him eagerly, and he saw him under the moonlight pass down the three steps that led from the raised part of the yard, and place the box in a hole which he dug beside the steps.

Ralph feared he might see him, and he drew away from the window. Presently he saw his uncle return to the house without the box. Then he stole to the place where the old man had buried it, and soon unearthed the casket. It was very heavy, as he found when he lifted it out of its hiding place, and bestowing one last look at the home he was leaving he hurried away with the stolen treasure.

Three days later in a western hotel Ralph opened a trunk in which he had carried the treasure box thus far by rail, though he had not opened it. Now he was out of money, and he had procured the necessary tools and he at once forced open the casket.

But at the sight of its contents he reeled back in consternation. The box was filled with iron, and on the top lay a sheet of paper, upon which was scrawled in his uncle's well-known hand:

"Honesty is always the best policy, Ralph."

We may add that Henry was made the heir of the Pendleton fortune, for he had proved himself to be worthy of all confidence, and his old uncle grew to love him as his own son.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

KAISER MUST LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR SUPPLY OF TREES TO FELL.

Former Emperor William II of Germany has practically completed his woodman's task on his own estate. The imperial woodchopper must go elsewhere if he wants to take his favorite exercise of felling, sawing or chopping wood.

In his labors on the Hohenzollern estate, now covering a period of about eight years, the former Kaiser was careful to remove only dead trees or such as hampered others in their growth or destroyed the symmetry of his park.

It takes half an hour at a brisk pace to walk around the whole estate, which is enclosed by a high wire fence surmounted by barbed wire.

CANADIAN SHIP PATROLS ARCTIC.

The patrol ship *Beothic* sailed recently from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, carrying the Canadian Government's 1928 expedition to the Canadian Arctic islands. This year's expedition was in charge of George P. McKenzie. Others making the trip north include Dr. L. D. Livingstone, who will spend a year in medical patrols on Baffin Island; J. D. Soper, who will investigate wild life and native conditions; Dr. R. M. Anderson of the National Museum; Inspector A. H. Joy and seven other officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police going north to relieve officers who have completed their tour of duty at the posts.

The *Beothic* will visit Baffin Island, Dundas Harbor, Devon Island, Craig Harbor and Bache Peninsula.

QUEENS ORDERS RAGWEED CUT IN FIGHT TO CHECK HAY FEVER.

Dr. John H. Barry, Sanitary Superintendent of Queens, announced yesterday that he had assigned a corps of his inspectors to compel owners to cut down ragweed growing on their premises, and had revived old notices warning residents to keep the weeds from blooming.

This intensive campaign against the ragweed is an attack upon hay fever, Dr. Barry says. The weed is considered very aggravating to hay fever patients. All is well, the Superintendent says, if the plants are kept from blooming, but if they blossom and the pollen gets into the air, hay fever victims will suffer more.

Hay fever clinics are being formed throughout the city, according to Dr. Jules L. Blumenthal, Director of the Child Hygiene Division of the Board of Health. There are about sixteen at present, he said yesterday.

ERICSSON STATUE DECKED.

Ericsson F. Bushnell, a son of Cornelius S. Bushnell, one of the three men who financed the building of the Monitor, the ironclad that defeated the Merrimac in the Civil War and changed the course of battleship construction, spoke yesterday afternoon at the exercises of the John Ericsson Society in Battery Park. The services, held at the base of the Ericsson statue, were in com-

memoration of the 125th anniversary on Tuesday of the birth of Captain Ericsson, inventor of the screw propeller and designer of the Monitor.

After the statue had been decorated with a propeller formed of flowers in blue and yellow, the colors of Sweden, Ericsson's native land, Mr. Bushnell told of a conversation he had with Captain Ericsson shortly before his death.

"Ericsson told me that the construction of the Monitor depended at one time upon two words," he said, "and that it was up to my father to say 'Yes' or 'No.' My father had called him in for his opinion on the plans of another vessel. Ericsson approved of them, but asked if he would care to see something better. My father said 'Yes.' He saw the plans of the new ship, carried them to the Government authorities, and it was through the efforts of President Lincoln and the genius of Ericsson that the Monitor was constructed."

John H. Barnard, President of the society, presided.

The group then went in buses to Croton, where dinner was served at Scandia Garden.

BRITONS SMOKE LESS BUT EAT MORE CANDY

The trade papers of English confectionery and tobacco manufacturing show by statistics that Englishmen are eating more candy and smoking less, while their women are smoking more and eating less candy.

The causes were debated in London recently at a confectionery exhibition organized by the Manufacturing Confectioners' Alliance, held at Olympia. The situation had become serious, the head of one firm said, because "while girls had gone off sweets, the deficit in consumption has not been made up by the men. Smoking kills the taste for sweets, and sweets kills the craving for smoking. We are not interested in how soon men will return to smoking. Our problem is how to increase the consumption of sweets among women."

Another, on being asked to account for the change in the habits of the sexes, said:

"The war caused it. The manufacturing of confectionery was cut down; that of tobacco was increased. Cigarettes were plentiful everywhere. The best sweets then made were sent to the front. In the trenches smoking was very often forbidden, but the men could eat on all occasions the millions of pounds of sweets sent over, while the women over there and at home began to smoke because they considered it more in keeping with their war work than nibbling sweets. The men brought back the habit with them, with a particular taste for caramel flavors."

"You can see them chewing toffee nowadays at horse and greyhound races. When they want strength of mind for a difficult niblick, they again chew toffee. As for the office, there is many a man today who keeps a bag of sweets beside him on his desk in the city. Sweet-eating has at any rate annihilated tobacco chewing in the lower classes and snuff-taking in the upper."

CURRENT NEWS

OUR "HOT DOGS" THREATENED.

A vision of a nation of "hot dog" eaters is suggested by the statement that viscose coverings provided for 75,000 pounds of wienies per day are insufficient to meet the demand. And this is from but one company.

The manufacture of cellulose sausage casings has received added impetus, morevoer, with the discovery that the smoking and cooking of sausages in a factory does not in any way affect the casing, which may be peeled off easily, leaving a veritable "shirtless sausage."

The viscose used for sausage coverings is made from cotton linters, and because of the high content of viscosity pumping and filtering has been so difficult that very small batches only have been produced at a time. After ripening, the viscose is clear and practically free from fibers. It does not need to be filtered. Recently, experiments have succeeded in producing a cellulose covering with the necessary tensile strength for sausage casing but with a lowered viscosity. This makes it possible to use pumps and filters, which in turn mean larger batches of covering produced. So there is every reason to believe that the hot dog vendors of Coney Island will now be able to provide their customers with an unlimited supply of sausages.

SWEDISH VACATION TRAINS TAKE CHILDREN ON TOURS

Pupils of Swedish public schools are having opportunities this summer to know intimately their own country and to visit foreign lands as well. When the schools let out the children board trains, which comprise sleeping cars, day coaches and diners, and are then routed from one end of the country to the other by the State Railways. The youngsters have their abode on these trains during their entire vacation trips.

Children of mountaineers and woodsmen of the North visit the fertile plains of the province of Scania in the South and the scraggy coast to the east or west, while youngsters bred on the lowlands are introduced to the deep forests and imposing mountains of the North. Stockholm is the Mecca of these youthful travelers. Filled with historical relics of ancient days and yet active with modern life, the capital fires the imagination of the country child. On his visit during the summer vacation he is able to complete the picture he has created for himself of the city as taught in class.

But whether the children participate in these school trips or merely leave the city for some weeks' sunshine and fresh air in the country, each public school pupil who can show proof that he has a definite place to spend the summer receives a rebate ticket on the Government-owned railroads to and from the destination. In regard to the school trips the entire expenses are often paid by the State Railways in conjunction with the Swedish Tourist Association.

Plans are now on foot to erect special school inns along the roads frequented by the vacation travelers. These will be bulit in beautifully lo-

cated or historically interesting parts of the country. Such regions are the Avare district of Jemtland, picturesque Dalecarlia, the romantic island of Gotland in the Baltic Sea, and Lapland, with its midnight sun, glaciers and reindeer herds.

An interesting colonization project is the so-called "Children's Island," located in the Stockholm archipelago. Nearly 2,000 boys and girls from poor homes in the capital are boarded there each Summer. The enterprise is maintained by public subscription, to which funds are donated on each "Children's Day."

The movement was inaugurated by a Stockholm philanthropist and business man, Axel Eliason, and since the purchase of the island in 1911 the colony has grown rapidly. The children are also taught about foreign lands.

SUNBURN BENEFICIAL ONLY WHEN GRADUALLY ACQUIRED.

Peeling noses and scarlet shoulders tell their own story on Monday morning in July and August. There is no use asking their proud, and oftentimes uncomfortable, possessors whether they have spent Sunday near or in the ocean. The season is here when New York's office boys and girls take on the color of a sunrise in the Alps, while the chorus girls wear their tanning decolletes almost as if they were the badge of their profession.

The scant costumes that originated on the golden "plages" of Deauville and the Lido have become the fashion, one might almost say—the uniform, of the bathers along the shores of Long Island and New Jersey. Abroad, when not in the water, their wearers don a light wrap or pajamas when they sit and sprawl on the sands. Not so here. Youth likes its tan too well, and bathing suits are put on more frequently than not for the purpose of getting a sun bath, not for an ocean bath. New York's clinics and druggists are prepared once more to care for tortured shoulders and arms, for though the beach habitues have learned their lesson, there are always occasional trippers who have not. On the whole, asserts Dr. George W. Mellon of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, New Yorkers are careful about over-exposure to the heat of the sun. But many a healthy-looking tan is bought at the price of hours of painful burning and itching.

A sunburn is literally what its name implies. The action of the ultra-violet, or invisible, rays of the sunlight causes the sunburn that injures and destroys some of the living cells of the body covering. Within a reasonable degree the effect of the sunburn is healing and strength-giving. Too much exposure may, however, be injurious.

It is an old saying among the doctors, according to Dr. Mellon, that if three-quarters of the skin area is burned death will in all probability result. So extensive a sunburn is rare. Illness and considerable discomfort, on the other hand, are not at all uncommon. The breaking down of a large area of tissues throws toxins into the system, thus poisoning the body. This is practically what happens in all cases of burning by extreme heat.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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